

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

WILLIAM BOOTH FOUNDER
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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.

The Romance of Bible Translation

MANY interesting stories are told in connection with the translation of the Bible into various languages. Though England had no complete Bible before Wycliffe's days, attempts were made from very early times to present the Scriptures in the language of the people.

It is now over 1200 years since, on a winter night, a poor Saxon cowherd lay asleep in a stable of the famous Abbey of Whitby. Grieved and dispirited, he had come in from the feast where his masters, and some even of his companions, during the amusements of the night, had engaged in the new, alliterative rhyming of those simple early days. But Caedmon could make no song, and his soul was very sad. Suddenly, as he lay, it seemed to him that a heavenly glory lighted up his stable, and in the midst of the glory One appeared who had been cradled in a manger six hundred years before.

"Sing, Caedmon," He said, "sing some song to me."

"I cannot sing," was the sorrowful reply, "for this cause it is that I came hither."

"Yet," said He who stood before him, "yet shalt thou sing to me."

"What shall I sing?"

"The beginning of created things."

And as he listened, a divine power seemed to come on him and words that he had never heard before rose up before his mind. And so the vision passed away.

But the power remained with Caedmon and in the morning the Saxon cowherd went forth from the cattle stalls transformed into a mighty poet.

Hilda the Abbess heard the wondrous tale and from a Latin manuscript translated to him a story of the Scriptures. Next day it was reproduced in a beautiful poem. In earnest passionate words he sang for the simple people "of the creation

of the world, of the origin of man, and of all the history of Israel; of the incarnation, the Passion and the Resurrection of Christ and His Ascension; of the terror of future judgment, the horror of hell pains and the joys of the Kingdom of Heaven."

His work, of course, has no right to rank among Bible translations, but it was the first attempt to give the English people the Bible story in their own tongue.

About the time of Caedmon's death, early in the eighth century, the learned Eadhelm, bishop of Sherborne, was working in Glastonbury Abbey translating the Psalms of David into Anglo-Saxon, and at his request, it is said, Egbert, bishop of Holy Island, completed about the same time a version of the Gospels, of which a copy is still preserved in the British Museum.

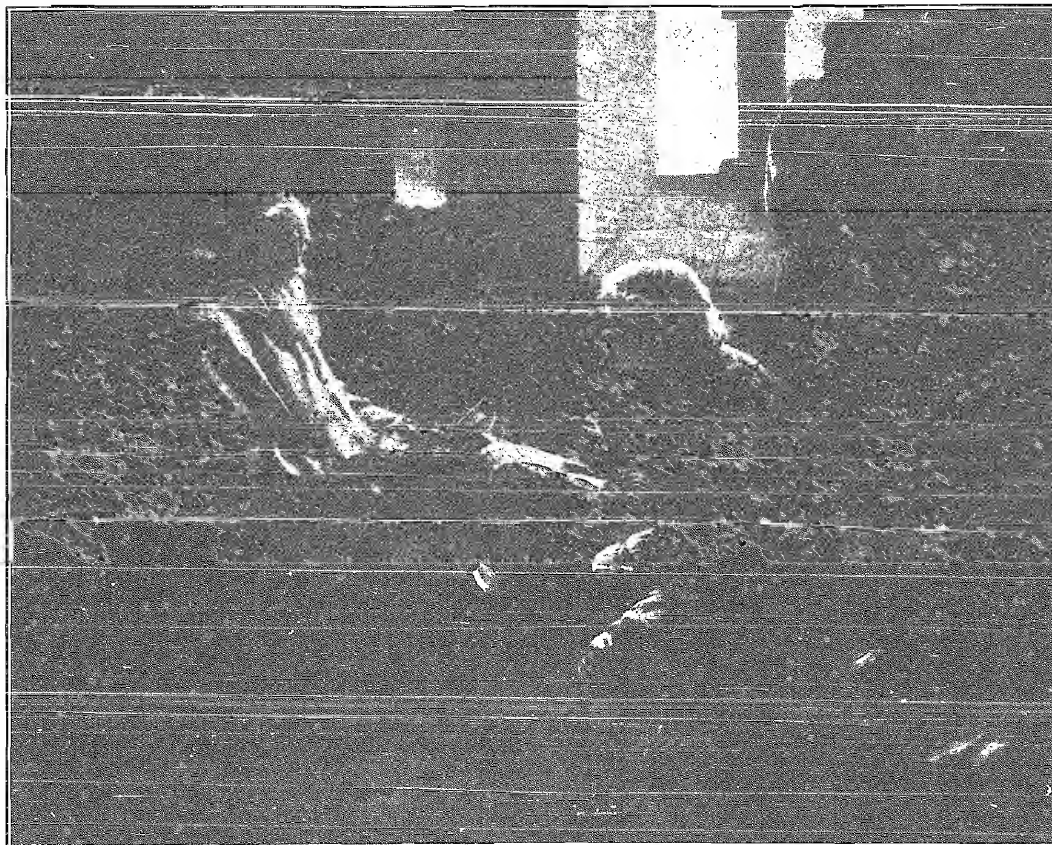
But the names of Eadhelm and Egbert are overshadowed by that of a contemporary far greater than either.

This was the Venerable Bede, and the illustration on this page depicts him as he is dictating the last chapter of St. John's Gospel to a scribe. The incident is thus related by Professor J. Paterson Smith in his book "How we got our Bible."

It was a calm peaceful evening in the spring of 735—the evening of Ascension Day—and in his quiet cell in the monastery of Jarrow an aged monk lay dying. With labored utterance he tried to dictate to his scribe, while a group of fair-haired Saxon youths stood sorrowfully by, with tears beseeching their "dear master" to rest.

That dying Monk was the most famous scholar of his day of Western Europe. His Ecclesiastical History is still the chief source of our knowledge of ancient England—but none of his studies were to him equal to the study of religion,

(Continued on page 3)



The Venerable Bede dictating the Gospel of St. John to a scribe as he lay dying.

I AM announced to say a few words to-night on what is a favorite theme at these Friday night Meetings, viz., Purity or Holiness by Faith. The Apostle Peter, in the 15th chapter of Acts and 9th verse, you will remember on the occasion of a very important convention or council of war, made the declaration that "God put no difference between the Jew and the Gentile." They wanted to make a distinction in the method of salvation between the one and the other. They wanted to get the Gentile to be saved in one way and the Jew to be saved in another way, and the Apostle came down with the positive affirmation, which I take to be an unalterable affirmation, that God puts no difference between one man and another—between Jew and Gentile—but that He purifies all hearts alike, purifying them by faith. In this early age of the Church there were as now perpetual bickerings and arguments as to that which constituted the nature of religion, and as to the methods by which the enjoyments and blessings and powers of religion were to be obtained. Men went on groping in darkness because they would not walk in the light. Some walked one way and some the other, the Holy Ghost at the same time indicating that there was only one common platform for all people and all nations, and that that platform was the one on which they should stand; and God, who is no respecter of persons, will not alter His plan to suit anybody. We, if we want this blessing, must go on this platform, and get it just in the same way by Faith.

There are persons here from different sections of the Army—different parts of London and the country, whose desire, I believe, is that there should be some definite teaching as to what is meant and what is taking place in these meetings, as to holiness of heart. God has put no difference between Jew and Gentile, or between one man and another, but, as I have said before, there is one common platform, one common salvation, and one common method He uses to purify their hearts by Faith.

We may here consider three or four points:

I.—What God here proposes to deal with—the heart.

II.—What He proposes to do with the heart—to purify it.

III.—The nature and extent to which God does purify the heart.

IV.—The method by which this purity is obtained.

First.—What God here proposes to deal with—the heart.

What does God want with me and from me? He has given Himself and His Son for me, and what more does He require from me?

He comes to me and says, "My son, give me thine heart." Now, when He asks for my heart I am not to understand that He wants this central source of physical power. He asks for that in the mind which answers to the heart in the body—the central controlling force, the great driving-wheel, the main-spring which determines the force and character of all conduct. It is this which He wants to control and direct. When, therefore, He comes and says, "My son, give me thine heart," and I give it to Him, He

PURITY BY FAITH BY THE FOUNDER

An Address Delivered at the Holiness Meeting at Whitechapel, on Friday Night, May 14th, 1880.

gets ME and everything I have, and He has a distinct right to all I have and all I am; and, my brothers and sisters, He alone can make this claim, and nobody is going to hold back that claim; we have the right to the privileges and blessings obtained by our obedience in giving God what He asks for; and now He says, I put in the claim for your hearts before you go any further, here, in Whitechapel. Hold! Stop! My son and my daughter, give me thy heart.

Second.—But what does He want to do with the heart in this state?

This claim meets a man in the midst of sin and guilt. I suppose you know yourself better than anybody else, and I suppose if you could write down your own characters, some of you would give yourselves but a very sorry character at the best. Now has He some plan or scheme by which He can manage to get you through with this sin and poison in your soul, with this devilry and rottenness, and bitterness in your hearts, to get you through the gates? No; He wants to cleanse and purify you. His is not a scheme for covering up. He says to me, "William Booth, if you cover up your sin you shall not prosper; I am against it; I am not against you, but I am dead against your sins, and if you cover it up, or have any plan of hiding it from Me or the angels, and fancy you are coming out right, you shall not prosper, neither in this world or any other. That is contrary to the first principles of My government, and all my wisdom and all my power is against it; but if you will forsake sin it shall be well with you." We all know what some theology would do; how it would cover it up and tint it and gild it, still keeping the rottenness within. But this is not God's way. What does He want with my heart? He wants to purify it, and take the poison and corruption out of it, to take that out which, perhaps, has cursed my wife and children and neighbors, and is a curse wherever it goes; He wants to cast it out and destroy it.

Third.—To what extent does God propose to purify my heart?

I am not going into any arguments as to what extent God can purify my heart here in this life. The general idea is that, in some form or other, some portion of sin is eradicated; and when we listen to some who tell their experience they indicate that there is a very considerable deliverance, that there is a very considerable difference between a saint and a sinner, and yet that there is some sin still in possession—a little, sometimes a great deal. You admit that the Lord can take away the sin, yet cannot admit that He can cleanse and purify every chamber of your soul. You say He has got the best sitting-room, always kept as nice as possible; and He has got the spare bedroom, which is always clean and sweet, and anyone is

at liberty to walk in and see them; He has got the best rooms in your house, but that only makes Him a lodger after all! Don't you think you had better let Him have the whole house and you become the lodger? and then He will bear all the burdens of rent, and the rates and the taxes. Everything made over to Him (cries of Amen!) and a Voice: "Victualing and all!" and then you will have done with that miserable system of house-cleaning, which comes every now and then, when you have a revival and a great cleaning down, and turn the house out of the windows, and then go back and be as bad as ever.

Now the question is to what extent He is willing—to what extent He has promised—to what extent He has engaged—to what extent He leads me to expect He can and will purify my heart, and I answer in a word, A-L-L. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you and you shall be clean; from ALL your idols, and from all your filthiness will I cleanse you." There are hundreds of other texts which say and mean the same thing; and if the English language means anything at all, it means that His grace is sufficient. Sufficient for what? If it is not sufficient to make me the perfect master of the Devil; if not sufficient to keep me from the most abominable thing under the sun which God hates, and which crucified the King of Glory; if not sufficient to keep me from sin—His grace cannot be sufficient for me at all. Some people go so far as to say it is not. But I say, who told you so? I say, not only this Book says so, but my spiritual instincts confirm it. You never find a man getting on his knees and saying, "O Lord, save me from getting into a bad temper more than seven times a day!" "Give me, O Lord, the grace not to slander my neighbors above once a week." You never say, "O Lord, I don't want to be carried away with the love of money so that I should not be willing to give anything at all!" But, rather, when you pray, you say, "O Lord, Thou dost deserve all my heart, here it is, take it, and purify it to Thyself." It seems to me that has been the proud boast of God's messengers for two thousand years all over the wide world that the plaiter is as large as the wound, that the remedy is equal to the disease. We know what sin is best when we know how God abominates it; that sin is the deadly Upas that poisoned His Son's life on Calvary. It is this sin that He wants to save me from, and if He wants to save me at all, He wants to save me now. I need go no further, and, if you will read your Bible, Jesus Christ's own declaration is, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Fourth.—How is this Purity to be obtained? "Purify their hearts by faith;" this is by faith instrumentally. It is God's own blessed, holy Spirit that purifies the heart. You cannot

too clearly perceive this, that it is the Lord Himself who purifies, that we are to be purified according to His will—purified, hear in from temptation, that is, not saved from temptation, not saved from sorrow, not saved from the possibility of again falling into sin. Salvation may be described as a book in three volumes: the book of Justification, which is a very nice volume to take in; the book of Sanctification, gilt-edged, and clasped; and the book of Glorification, which cannot be obtained down here. You can get the two first volumes now, and you had better get them both while you are about it—but you must get the other above.

God, then, engages to purify our hearts. God engages to do this Himself. You have not to struggle to purify and save yourself, but to bring yourself to God and trust Him to do it. There are several conditions in obtaining this blessing, and the one condition seems to me to embrace and include the other. If a man repents rightly, he believes rightly; and if he believes rightly, he repents rightly; and sometimes repentance is made to be the condition, sometimes consecration is made the test, and sometimes faith the means of obtaining what is sought after: one condition implies the other. The soul that wants to be pure, so far as it can, purifies itself. If a man wants to be clean, he washes himself; if a man wants to be saved from sin, and is willing to put himself into God's hands entirely, he passes from sin. If he wants to walk with God, God gives him the power to walk in the light.

There are three unalterable conditions:

1 says, "I am willing to give up sin."

2 says, "O Lord, I give myself to Thee."

3 says, "O Lord, I believe the blood does cleanse and purify from all sin. I trust Thee now. Here I am, all sin and weakness; I am willing, I can go so far as that; I am willing to be healed. You are the Physician and You must heal me."

Very well. Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that you receive them—not that you have received them, not that you shall receive. If you put a sovereign in my hand, I don't say I believe I have it, I know it there—I feel it. But if you tell me you will give me a sovereign, if I have any faith in your word, I believe it, I expect it, I rejoice in the expectation; but when it is given I feel it, I know it, and testify to the fact.

Do you say, O Lord, cleanse my heart? O Lord, I give myself, body, soul and spirit to Thee? I am willing to be a clean man; I am willing to have a clean life, clean friends, clean companionship, a clean walk and conversation; clean business and everything else. I consecrate and dedicate myself to Thee, to walk clean before Thee if it cost me my life; and O Lord, as Thou hast engaged, as Thou hast given Thy blood to make and keep me clean when I trust Thee, I trust Thee to do this just at this moment; and God, who cannot lie, has spoken, and will perform it, and I am saved and purified through faith in His own Almighty power!

"queer." Peter advises such not to mind what others think or say about them, but to live as those who must give account to the Judge of all. This will give boldness and courage and enable them to live above the opinions of others.

Saturday, 1 Peter 4: 12-19. "Let none of you suffer . . . as a busybody in other men's matters." We must not only be on our guard against great faults, but beware also of little sins which riddle the character with little holes, like a moth-eaten garment. It may not seem very bad to be a busybody or meddler in other people's affairs, but if continued in, this fault will make trouble, spoil one's character, and ruin one's influence for good.

Friday, 1 Peter 4: 1-11. "They think it strange that ye run not with them." Converted people have new tastes and desires which their former friends cannot understand and think "strange" or

Soul Insurance

sued Free at

By Captain Cormack

There came to my desk a pamphlet issued by a company, on the back of which were conditions or regulations to be observed, otherwise become void. What was it? It was a contract of insurance, and these conditions were sent, for it stirred up in me a desire for insurance, and these conditions came to me.

There are very few people who don't believe in insurance. Most everyone carries insurance or another, for the kinds of insurance. The which practically every cause of the certainty of fire insurance, hail insurance, and hold-up insurance, insurance. If you own almost certain to have fire and theft, and accident and property accessories are probably policy, and if you have your car on the installment of insurance is figured read in the paper the other violinist and a pianist fingers insured, and a who had his feet insured.

Most of us can recall insurance agent was out of every other office those days are past, and correct, for he speaks and men pay heavily for it. With all the insurance there is one kind of insurance purchase and yet it is insurance in the world. You cannot buy it, but free daily, and you can.

The usual complaint is the premium. Even life insurance, for the greater becomes your premium, however, with Soul Insurance no sliding scale and bearing on the premium has been paid.

Unbelievable! but it is no age limit, no medical hazardous employment of age required, no regular or periodical scratching get the premium, for the premium for every all time upon Calvary of this astounding offer, fiary is yours.

God will issue this old. He does not report but treats all as a weeding or the strong woman. No hazardous because His Grace is beneficiary is yourself is "Eternal Life."

Some hesitate and which must be given Jesus, the worldly painful habits, selfish in associations, these consider to be the premium these are but the things der the policy void. pany binds you with Jesus Christ with b "Go, and sin no more."

Have you applied insurance Policy?

Don't Complain

Don't complain about For easier 'tis, y To make your min Than weather to

Don't complain abo For in your neig His neighbor is n That neighbor b

Pithy

God wants us to cause there is alw why we should.

God puts our mo nearest to us.

Prayer is not d God's reluctance, b of God's willingness

When our will be disappointment beco

Daily Bible Meditation

Sunday, 1 Peter 1: 13-25. "Redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ." When tempted to do something unworthy of our Lord, let us remember the infinite cost at which we were redeemed. No earthly ransom being sufficient, the Son of God bought us with His own blood. We can never know what it cost God to give His Son for us, nor what it cost the Saviour thus to redeem us.

Monday, 1 Peter 2: 1-12. "Desire the sincere milk of the Word." "Sincere" means pure, true, without adulteration. Peter knew that these Christians would make time to read and hear God's Word if they had real desire for it. He wanted them, as we want our Sword and Shield members, to grow in their soul-life, and

Bible study is one of the best means of doing so. Where there is no appetite for God's Word, there can be no robust spiritual life.

Tuesday, 1 Peter 2: 13-25. "When ye do well and suffer patiently, this is acceptable with God." Some people think they do well if they do not "answer back" when justly blamed for faults. But God has a much higher standard, and it is "acceptable" to Him if we patiently take undeserved blame. It may be hard for you to do so, but He can give you grace sufficient even for this.

Wednesday, 1 Peter 3: 1-12. "A meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." The meek are known by their patience, gentleness, forbearance, their unwillingness to push for

themselves and to retaliate when wronged. The world often holds them in contempt, but they are beloved and honored of God.

Thursday, 1 Peter 3: 13-22. "Be ready always to give . . . a reason of the hope that is in you." God reveals Himself to us that we may reveal Him to others. This is why we must ever be prepared to give, intelligently and with meekness, a reason for our faith. Such witness brings glory to God, blessing to others, and increased strength and assurance to our own souls.

Friday, 1 Peter 4: 1-11. "They think it strange that ye run not with them." Converted people have new tastes and desires which their former friends cannot understand and think "strange" or

Soul Insurance Policies Issued Free at any Time

By Captain Cormack, Fort Rouge

There came to my desk the other morning a pamphlet issued by a life insurance company, on the back of which was a list of conditions or regulations which had to be observed, otherwise the policy would become void. What these conditions were is immaterial, the pamphlet accomplished the object for which it was sent, for it stirred up in my mind thoughts of insurance, and these are the thoughts that came to me.

There are very few people these days who don't believe in insurance, in fact most everyone carries some form of insurance or another, for there are so many kinds of insurance. There is life insurance which practically every one carries because of the certainty of death. There is fire insurance, hail insurance, burglar and hold-up insurance, and earthquake insurance. If you own a car you are almost certain to have it insured against fire and theft, and probably against accident and property damage, the accessories are probably covered by a policy, and if you happen to be buying your car on the installment plan the cost of insurance is figured in your note. I read in the paper the other day of a famous violinist and a pianist who had their fingers insured, and a movie comedian who had his feet insured.

Most of us can recall the time when the insurance agent was practically kicked out of every other office he entered, but those days are past, and now he is welcomed, for he speaks of "protection," and men pay heavily for "protection."

With all the insurance that men buy, there is one kind of insurance no one can purchase and yet it is the oldest line of insurance in the world—Soul Insurance.

You cannot buy it, but policies are issued free daily, and you can get yours today. The usual complaint against insurance is the premium. Especially is this so in life insurance, for the longer you wait the greater becomes your premium. Not so, however, with Soul Insurance. There is no sliding scale and your age has no bearing on the premium for the premium has been paid.

Unbelievable but it is true. There is no age limit, no medical examinations, no hazardous employment clause, no proof of age required, no monthly installments or periodical scratching and scraping to get the premium, for Jesus Christ paid the premium for every creature and for all time upon Calvary. Another feature of this astounding offer is that the beneficiary is yourself.

God will issue this policy to young or old. He does not require any medical report but treats all alike, the leper, the weakling or the strong healthy man or woman. No hazardous employment clause, because His Grace is sufficient, and the beneficiary is yourself for the sum assured is "Eternal Life."

Some hesitate and count the things which must be given up in coming to Jesus, the worldly pleasures, wasteful, sinful habits, selfish indulgence and evil associations, these they wrongfully consider to be the premium, forgetting that these are but the things which would render the policy void. The insurance company binds you with many restrictions, Jesus Christ with but one—He says: "Go, and sin no more."

Have you applied for your Soul Insurance Policy?

Don't Complain

Don't complain about the weather,
For easier 'tis, you'll find,
To make your mind to weather,
Than weather to your mind.

Don't complain about your neighbor,
For in your neighbor's view,
His neighbor is not faultless.
That neighbor being you!—G.M.

Pithy Pars

God wants us to rejoice always because there is always some reason why we should.

God puts our most important duties nearest to us.

Prayer is not the overcoming of God's reluctance, but the taking hold of God's willingness.

When our will becomes God's will, disappointment becomes impossible.

Peg-Leg Saunders

By Charles Rietdyk

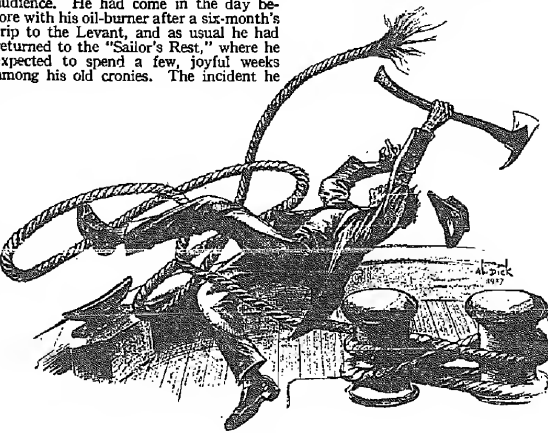
THE door of the "Sailor's Rest," swung open, and Big Bill Jensen entered with a smile on his face.

"Why, boys," he addressed the men, who sprawled comfortably over several chairs, or lounges, around the rest-room of the hotel. "You missed the funniest thing I've ever seen in my life. Honestly, I nearly laughed myself sick. The Salvation Army was out parading and they had a fellow in line with a wooden leg. Oh, boy, you should have seen that guy trying to march over the cobblestones. Nearly broke his neck a couple of times. Can you imagine a bird like that hobbling around in a uniform?"

Laughingly Bill Jensen looked at his audience. He had come in the day before with his oil-burner after a six-month's trip to the Levant, and as usual he had returned to the "Sailor's Rest," where he expected to spend a few, joyful weeks among his old cronies. The incident he

"Well, the tide was coming in, and a strong tide she was. The tugboat Captains were figuring on having the tide do the work so that they would only have to lay back and check her up. Of course, this is pretty dangerous work, especially with a strong tide flowing. It seemed that the Captain of the other tug became a bit nervous and felt not quite ready yet for the swinging, so he pulled the whistle-cord with the intention of whistling once, but in his nervousness he pulled the cord twice, which meant to the Captain of the 'Spider' to go ahead and pull the liner over so that the tide could get at her."

"You can imagine what happened, Bill. For a moment the cable stretched and



"... the cable broke under the enormous strain. Like a death-dealing snake ... it knocked Saunders in a heap."

draw taut between the little tug and the mighty liner. The 'Spider' pulled for all she was worth, and with throbbing deck and thumping engine she threw herself forward. Slowly the liner shifted position, until the incoming tide hit her sideways. Then with an ever-increasing speed the tide swung her. The Captain of the first tug realizing what he had done, and knowing what the result would be, grabbed an axe and cut the cable.

"That left the 'Spider' alone to face the situation. You know, Bill, that little tug reminded me of the boy, who's at the end of a starting whip. It was an awe-inspiring sight to see that big liner draw that small tug to its doom. There was only one chance for that little tug, and that was to follow the example of the first boat and cut the cable. But that cable now was drawn taut and hummed a song of death. It takes backbone, Jensen, to approach a cable at high tension, and when the Captain screamed an order to the deckhand to stand by with the axe, this deckhand showed a yellow streak and covered behind the cabin. But the Saunders fellow, grabbed the axe and ran aft. Of course, you may say that it was a matter of life and death for Saunders as well as for the crew, but still it showed that he was not afraid to face death in order to save the others. The 'Spider' was rapidly being drawn under and it would only be a matter of seconds before she would scuttle."

"At a sign from the Captain, this Saunders raised the axe and was just about to bring it downward, when without warning, the cable broke under the enormous strain. Like a death-dealing snake it struck the tugboat. It knocked Saunders in a heap, slashed through part of the steering house and grazed the cabin top.

"The liner brought up against her moorings with a sickening crash, throwing her passengers in a panic. Well, Jensen, when the river police put Saunders in their ambulance and rushed him to the hospital no one expected him to live. His right leg was shattered and had to be amputated. But he pulled through."

"They took up a collection for him,

The Romance of Bible Translation

(Continued from front page)

none of his books of the same importance as his commentaries and sermons on Scripture. Even then as he lay on his deathbed he was feebly dictating to his scribe a translation of St. John's Gospel.

"I don't want my boys to read a lie," he said, "or to work to no purpose after I am gone."

And those "boys" seem to have dearly loved the gentle old man. An epistle has come down to us from his disciple Cuthbert to a 'fellow reader' Cuthwin, telling of what had happened this Ascension Day.

"Our father and master, whom God loved," he says, "had translated the Gospel of St. John as far as 'what are these among so many' when the day came before our Lord's Ascension."

"He began then to suffer much in his breath and a swelling came in his feet, but he went on dictating to his scribe."

"Go on quickly," he said. "I know not how long I shall hold out, or how soon my Master will call me hence."

"All night long he lay awake in thanksgiving and when the Ascension Day dawned, he commanded us to write with all speed what he had begun."

Thus the letter goes on affectionately, describing the working and resting right through the day till the evening came, and then, with the setting sun gilding the windows of his cell, the old man lay feebly dictating the closing words.

"There remains but one chapter, master," said the anxious scribe, "but it seems very hard for you to speak."

"Nay, it is easy," Bede replied, "take up thy pen and write quickly."

Amid blinding tears the young scribe wrote on. "And now father," said he, as he eagerly caught the last words from his quivering lips, "only one sentence remains."

Bede dictated it.

"It is finished, master!" cried the youth, raising his head as the last word was written.

"Ay, it is finished!" echoed the dying saint, "lift me up, place me at that window of my cell where I have so often prayed to God. Now glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost!" And with these words the beautiful spirit passed to the presence of the Eternal Trinity.

along the river front and I am proud to say that all the boys chipped in and when Saunders left the hospital a few weeks ago, minus one leg, a committee met him and brought him to a nice little piece of real estate that bears the announcement:

RESTAURANT

Ship Chandler Ed. Saunders, Prop.

And mind, Jensen, not a mortgage on it.

"You see, Captain he may be a Sally, and he may walk or hobble painfully in the Army parade, but he is a man, every inch of him, and no man who laughs at Saunders' affliction is welcome in 'The Sailor's Rest.'"

Peg-Leg Saunders looked in astonishment at the largest order he had ever seen for groceries, meat, etc.

This man must be making a cruise around the world, he wondered.

Then turning to his assistant he said: "Fill the order for Captain Bill Jensen, will you."

The Way to Honor

Only the man whose soul is ruled by conscience and by God can become truly great. Moral excellence is an indispensable element in all true nobleness.

The ancient Romans, in their wisdom, so constructed the Temples of Virtue and Honor that no man could enter the Temple of Honor without having first passed through the Temple of Virtue. The same order is necessary to-day to the man who would attain to true and lasting honor.



Norway's Thirty-Fifth Congress

Two Hundred and Seventy-seven Seekers Kneel at the Cross

The thirty-fifth Norwegian Congress opened promisingly under the leadership of the Territorial Commander, Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Helberg, assisted by the General's representatives, Commissioner and Mrs. Hoggard, who were heartily received. The spectacular march preceding the Welcome Meeting was one of the greatest. Three thousand people witnessed, in the Calmeyergeraten Hall, an interesting display of Army activities.

On Saturday, at 4.30 p.m., a brilliant Young People's demonstration was given. In spite of the unusual time, about 2,000 people were present. At seven-thirty another 2,000 assembled for a Soldiers' Council. The Prayer Meeting, filled with holy influences, resulted in seventy-eight seekers.

Setervoll, a beautiful place ten miles outside Oslo and fragrant with blessed recollections of many previous victorious Salvation battles, was chosen for Sunday's campaign. Although unfavorable weather prevailed about 2,500 people gathered, and two excellent Meetings were held. The Territorial Commander recalled sacred memories and related touching incidents in connection with the Founder's visit to Setervoll in 1896. Owing to the continuance of wet weather evening Meetings were arranged in five different Army Halls in Oslo. In these, 135 souls sought Salvation.

Another long procession was formed on Monday evening for a march to Birkelunden, where a final Open-Air attack was made, 7,000 people being present. On the same night a joyful musical festival in the Calmeyergeraten Hall concluded the public Meetings of the Congress. In all seekers numbered 277. —H. A. Tandberg, Lieut.-Colonel.

The Policeman's Wish

Evidences that the People of the South American Republics are Hungering and Thirsting for Spiritual Truths

The motor-car has at last been brought into use in the South American (East) Territory for definite Salvation work. Lieut.-Commissioner Turner felt that, as the motor-vans used by the Men's Social Department were unemployed on Sundays, a practical experiment ought to be tried with them. A two months' Summer Motor Campaign was therefore planned, and each Sunday a different route was chosen for roadside and hamlet Meetings, in places where the people had not hitherto seen or heard the Army.

The Campaign has proved abundantly worth while. Meetings have been well attended, considerable quantities of Army literature disposed of, and seventy-five souls have sought Salvation. Among the number were two girls, who have journeyed by rail to the nearest Hall each Sunday since, and have also been the means of their parents' conversion.

After thirty-six years the Army has purchased its first Hall in Buenos Ayres. This belongs to the No. IX Corps, and was opened by the Commissioner. The Hall was, on this occasion, packed almost to suffocation point, many in the congregation being manifestly quite new to Army procedure. There was a splendid Penitent-Form result, the number of seekers exceeding the space allotted, and the number of workers available were insufficient to deal with them quickly enough.

Our Comrades constantly encounter new evidences that the people of these Latin Republics are hungering and thirsting for spiritual truth. The other day a policeman on point duty near Headquarters accosted the Chief Secretary, and asked if the Army could give him something to read. When the inquiry was made as to what class of book he would like he replied, "A Bible!" Arrangements were quickly made to meet his wishes.

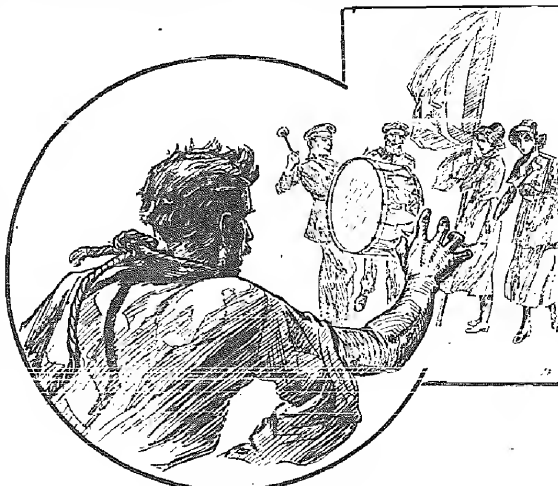
The Rope Was Around His Neck

But the boom of The Army drum saved him from suicide

"IF YOU will keep that Army drum quiet I will give you a block of land and £100 towards your Hall," said a well-to-do gentleman to Mrs. Brigadier Dennis, when many years ago she was stationed at a flourishing Corps in N.S.W. "Well, I want the £100 badly enough, but I could not promise anything like that," replied the Officer. "Will you listen to a story I have to tell?" "Certainly," replied the gentleman, who then listened attentively to the following:

the shed, he made his way with frantic haste down the street, guided in his course by the boom of the drum. A few minutes later the Salvationists conducting an Open-Air Meeting were amazed to see this dishevelled figure with a rope round his neck rushing towards them.

Paying no heed to the looks of surprise he went straight into the ring where the drum was standing, and flung himself down beside it. There he cried to God, who met with him, and presently he stood



The Salvationists were amazed to see a man with a rope around his neck rushing towards them.

In the same town lived a man who, in a fit of deep depression, had determined to end his life. Standing in a shed, with the rope already round his neck, the wretched man was about to commit the deed, when the sound of a drum made him pause. "That is the Army," thought the intended suicide. "The Army—ah, perhaps the Army can help me!"

Swiftly the gleam had flashed upon his darkened mental atmosphere, and as swiftly he followed it. Rushing from

to his feet a new creature in Christ. Later he became an active Salvationist.

The gentleman was delighted with the story. "You shall have the land and the £100," he said, "but, having heard your story I should not think of asking you to stop the drum."

The benevolent gentleman continued a staunch friend to the Army, and to the Officer who had helped him to appreciate the Army drum.—Australian (East) "War Cry."

International Newslets

That the laying of a foundation-stone is an altogether different matter from actually placing it in position, was evidenced recently at Konchira, Southern India, where the Territorial Commander, Colonel Priva (Mrs. Trounce) laid the foundation-stone of the new Central Hall. The stone itself had to be brought from another district, and after being deposited in the main road, took sixteen men to move it eight feet. On the next day they "had another go," commencing at six in the morning and completing their task at half past two in the afternoon. The Colonel is seriously contemplating the substitution of foundation-stones for brass plates!

An "outsider" who attended the Cadets' Meetings in Riga, Latvia, was greatly touched and encouraged by the Army's methods, and wrote to National Headquarters expressing this fact. She now lives in a little seaside place, but has been regularly sent "War Cry" to sell. When the Self-Denial Effort came round she asked for a card and collected a good sum from amongst her friends.

In one of the Criminal Settlements in Madras Presidency, Lieut.-Colonel Shaw was translated from English into Tamil by a young man who has been brought up in the Army's Schools and whose parents were actually thieves.

A special feature in Iceland is the provision made for scamen at the various Corps. Most Army Halls possess a small Sailors' or Guest Home, where fishermen and travellers gladly avail themselves of the facilities afforded. At Isafjord is situated a greatly-appreciated Eventide Home—the only institution of its kind in the country.

When the last batch of Cadets of the Trivandrum Training Garrison were commissioned, the Principal, Lieut.-Colonel Perera, mentioned that during their ten months' Session the Cadets had won 232 souls.

Colonel Allister Smith, who recently represented the General at the several Congresses held in the Australia South Territory, also at the New South Wales and Queensland Congresses, is now conducting an extensive soul-saving campaign in New Zealand.

Among the "Crims"

Good News from The Army's Settlements in Northern and Eastern India

A newspaper campaign against prostitution in Calcutta has stirred the city and created a desire among well-meaning people to stamp out this evil. One result has been that more of these unfortunate women and girls are seeking admittance to the Army's Industrial Home than it is possible to accommodate. Lieut.-Commissioner Ewens, Territorial Commander for Eastern India, is keeping a sharp look-out for a suitable building to extend this branch of our work.

From the Army's Chatterwa Criminal Settlement comes the report that four Dom families have been released on a long-time pass, and that three acres of land has been allotted to them some distance away. They have promised to attend the Sunday's Meetings at the Settlement, and have requested the Officer-in-charge to conduct Meetings in the village where they now live as free people. This is a step in the right direction, as it has always been the hope that members of the Criminal Tribes, as a result of the Army's influence in the Settlements, could ultimately be absorbed in the surrounding population.

Twenty Young People's Companies are now being run on the Army's Criminal Settlement at Moradabad, Northern India.

Twenty-five persons were recently sworn-in as Salvationists on the Army's latest Settlement on the Andaman Islands. As there is no large building yet at Ankhet, the chief centre, the congregation had to squeeze into one of the settlers' houses, the sides of which were taken away to allow for more light and air—especially air!

A Japanese Convert

Mr. Fumaki, a Japanese architect, lived a very profligate life. One New Year's morning, after a night of drinking, he went to the idol temple to ring the bell according to custom. On returning home he was taken ill and at the same time given a conviction of the incurable sickness of his unconverted heart. This sent him daily to the public library of his town to find some cure for his evil tendencies. He read Buddhist philosophy, biographies of great men, book after book, in search for spiritual guidance. The hopelessness of it all so weighed on him that he often found himself sobbing, and, to drown his spiritual misery, drank more heavily than ever.

Then he determined to find out about Christianity. He went to Osaka, but feared to enter the more imposing churches. The Salvation Army Hall seemed the easiest to approach.

A Japanese woman-officer was preaching, and when she spoke of the awfulness of sin and of redemption from it through Christ's death, "she seemed to be speaking directly to me. The mighty power of the Spirit swept over my soul and I was able truly to repent and believe on Christ. On reaching home that night, I did not feel any different, though conscious that I had done the right thing. But the next day, I discovered that a great change had really taken place. Power had been given me to hate sin and to curb my passions. Habits which, times without number, I had resolved to give up but always returned to, I was now able to abandon."

"Then came a distinct call from God to preach the Gospel, followed by earnest strivings after holiness. One night, I went out into the mountains seeking unfortunately the fullness of the Holy Spirit. After a while I heard as in a vision, the still, small voice of God saying to my heart, 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.' A great rest came into my soul and I was able, as never before, to praise the precious blood which cleanseth from all sin."

In Rural Salvation Ch...

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"Doing Your Sum Tot"

Many people ways in which to for great fields in sweep of their ex of interests bef many instances close at hand, making happy s To be kind an ous with those it is too easy. B lonely individual companionship a is well worth w

Why not deci circle and select help? Then off sistent. The succe, the obj worthily, but the sum of human

Try it. It is name on the r —"Assurance M

In Rural Alberta

Salvation Chariot visits many small communities blessing and helping the people

The Alberta Chariot continues wending its way to the rural districts. Stopping at Monarch, the crew started a street Meeting, and soon the people gathered about. At the conclusion one girl raised her hand for prayer. On the following day an Open-Air was conducted at Nobleford. In the evening a fine Meeting was held in the schoolhouse. The Charioteers here met Mrs. Nettleton, a Soldier of the Lethbridge Corps. After travelling on bad roads Barons was reached and a good Meeting was conducted.

The red van then journeyed on to Carmangay. A good crowd gathered and conviction was evident. Saturday night was spent at Champion, where a good Open-Air was held. Then after a hard pull the Chariot arrived at Vulcan on the same night. Arrangements were made with the Pastor of the United Church for the Sunday Meetings. The Sunday School was taught a chorus; following this a good Holiness Meeting was held. In the afternoon the pastor took the Charioteers to two rural school-houses. There were good attendances and the people entered into the spirit of the Meeting. The church was full at night and one girl raised her hand for prayer.

On Monday afternoon Captain Bellamy dedicated the infant son of Brother and Sister Tomblin. A rousing Open-Air was also conducted; the children sang delightfully.

At High River the Charioteers were welcomed by Captain Langford. Ex-Soldiers were visited. The Open-Air at night, which was good, was enjoyed by a large crowd. Following this a short Prayer-Meeting was conducted in the Citadel. On the following afternoon two old Soldiers were visited by the Charioteers. The music was greatly enjoyed by them.

The Charioteers then wended their way to Staveland, Gramum and Pincher Creek, where good Open-Airs were held. The weekend was spent at Coleman and district. At Bellevue a large crowd gathered about the Chariot upon the sounding of instruments. Hillcrest, Frank and Blairmore were also given the Gospel message in music, song and testimony.

The Charioteers then returned to Coleman and played at the Hospital. Following two Open-Airs a Meeting was conducted in the Citadel where conviction was evident. Captain and Mrs. Hind ably assisted at all these Meetings.

On the following morning the Charioteers journeyed to Macleod. In the afternoon they played at the hospital. A rousing Open-Air was held at night, which was followed by a Meeting in the Citadel. The Charioteers prayed, played, sang and spoke. Before the close of the Meeting two young women were found at the Mercy-Seat where they got gloriously saved.

Are You

"Doing Your Bit" to Increase The Sum Total of Happiness?

Many people are looking for great ways in which to exercise their activities, for great fields in which to work. In the sweep of their eager eyes over the range of interests before them, they miss in many instances the little field that lies close at hand, the daily simple duty of making happy one or more human lives. To be kind and considerate and generous with those we love is no work of merit! It is too easy. But to cheer and help some lonely individual who needs sympathy, companionship and encouragement, that is well worth while!

Why not decide to look around your circle and select some in need of such help? Then offer it tactfully but persistently. The effort will not always succeed, the object will not always be worthy, but the result will add to the sum of human happiness.

Try it. It is likely to inscribe your name on the roll of the "Inasmuch." —Assurance Magazine.

The Friendships of Young Salvationists

By THE GENERAL

An Address Given at the Young People's Councils, Mildmay, May, 1927

FRIENDSHIP is one of our greatest privileges in life, and therefore, naturally it becomes one of our greatest dangers. There is no doubt that, especially in the period which most of you are passing through, this matter of making friends must have a great influence upon you; nothing—apart from God's grace—will be so influential in your future as the friends you make in these years.

I do beg of you, as an old traveller on the road, to take for your friends only those who are right with God, and whose lives harmonize with what you wish your life could be. You all have some standard in your own mind. You may not reach it, but it is there, and it has been put there by God; you all have some idea of the kind of man or woman you might be and would like to be. Well, it is a safe rule not to take for your friend any one who does not come up to the standard which you feel is right for yourself.

Then, you see, your friendships will lift you and help you on in the way in which you have begun, instead of bringing you down, as so often friendships do. I ask you as Young People of the Salvation Army, as standard-bearers amongst the people with whom you live—for every one of you is a standard-bearer in some way—I ask you to have no friendships which bring by your common sense and by what God teaches you, appear unlikely to strengthen your friendship with God, and with those who love Him and love souls.

Now there is that very intimate friendship, which often grows up out of the early friendships, and which leads to affection, and love, and marriage, and united lives. What I say about the other friendships is equally important about this friendship. It is another of the precious things God had put into human life—this union of two spirits, two hearts that come together as one. No one but God could ever have invented such a thing. The mere idea is beautiful, and because so beautiful, because it could be so helpful, the Devil and the world made it an occasion for difficulty, and often, alas, for disaster.

Let me urge you in this matter just to observe the same rule, and not be intimate with any one, of either sex, who does not answer to your idea of what you would like to be. Let that stand out first.

Some of you will answer, "But if I look for perfection I may never find such a friend at all!" I know that difficulty, and I would say this—there is no absolute necessity for you to be married. People can be just as happy and useful unmarried, and often more happy unmarried than married. My observation, extending now over a long period of years, has shown me that one of the most valuable things a young man or a young woman can do is

to settle this with God—to say, "Now, Lord, I am willing to remain as I am, or to be in some other condition if you are willing for it; but I am not going to worry myself about circumstances which really I cannot control; I will leave it in Your hands." You do not want the other thing unless it is God's will. If it is His will for you to remain unmarried, well then, that will be better than being married without His will. Let God settle for you what you shall do.

The next advice I would lay down is—take your time.

Do not make the mistake so many men have made, in being too quick, in making a choice before their own minds have developed. Before they have come to see themselves and what they mean to do, they have got drawn into some affection, and have felt it would not be honorable to break off with the girl whose heart they have won. They have known their union would not be suitable, and yet they have felt a kind of compulsion, as honorable men, to go on with it. Then a year or two afterwards they have found out their mistake, and would have given their lives to be free.

I say to both men and women—to you girls—do not "open the door the first time the bell rings!" You do not know what God wants you to do.

If you men engage yourselves with the wrong girl, the girl who does not fit with you, you do her a wrong as well as yourself. Speaking of myself, that was my greatest fear about marriage. I was not engaged until I was twenty-six. I hesitated a long time before I could come to any conclusion as to whether I ought to be married, because I thought, "If I marry the wrong woman she will suffer, it won't be merely me."

Well, I worried and prayed and hesitated, and after I had seen Mrs. Booth, and got a kind of feeling for her which was very tender, I did not let myself go. I waited six months, and prayed and said nothing to any one, not even to my dear old General. The Devil tempted me with the thought, "While you are waiting some one else will step in!" but I still waited, and said to the Lord, "If any one else comes in I shall take it that it is Your will I should not marry her—if You let some one else have her of course I cannot." That is what I want you to feel—that it is a matter between you and Jesus Christ. So that you will not have any one just because they take your fancy, or seem kind to you, or have nice looks.

I speak to you as a father—the oldest here could be my child—let it be between you and God. Take your time. Do not act on the first experience. Get your own mind set on your life-work, and then

cry to God and He will lead you right. I have seen such unhappy marriages, I have seen such terrible mistakes made even in our own ranks, not only in this country but in other countries, such heart-breaks and agony. People come to me and wring their hands and say, "Oh, I was wrong, I took myself out of God's hands and now here I am!"

Because, you see, this is a matter which influences our whole life. Everything about us is influenced by it—our bodies and all their powers, our minds and all their powers, and our souls as well.

Then some of you may say, "Well, I have got something on already, and I am entangled in that." My advice is, if you are not satisfied that the connection will be for your good, and especially for the other party's good, then say frankly to them what you feel. Refer to my words, and have a time of prayer and waiting on God; do not go on with anything not in harmony with His will.

On the other hand, you know the Army's strong rule about breaking off an engagement unfairly and unkindly. That is one reason why I say—take time. It is so unfair—so unfair for a man to pay attention to a girl, and stir her feelings, and make her believe she cannot be really happy without him, and then when he has done this to turn away and throw her over, as if he had been trying a little speculation, instead of appealing to a human heart. That is just as bad as playing with a man's heart. Every woman is as valuable as any man. It is a dastardly thing for a Salvation Army man to lead a woman on, and then to drop her. I would not have such a man in my concern for five minutes if I could find him out; but these men are difficult to find out, except by those who suffer.

Now I ask you, men, do not do anything that you would be ashamed of in the presence of your Lord and Master. Play the game honorably.

If you have gone against His plans, gone against His will, He cannot bless you later on. But when you are both in His will, no matter what worries or disappointments come, you will be one in fighting the battle, while you are spared to each other, and you will both be stronger because you are one; God can use you to show what happiness can be found in this life in His service.

I have always felt about my own marriage that it has strengthened me for everything that has come along. Through my dear wife I have been helped in everything that is good, and I have been helped to avoid some things that have been bad. We have been one. We put God first. The happiest moments of my life now—and we have been married more than forty years—are when we kneel down hand in hand and speak to Him. So He will be with you, and instead of having cares, anxieties, and perplexities, which you cannot share, you will have joy and faith and the love of the Father—if you put God first.



THE "BUSY BEES" TROOP OF LIFE-SAVING GUARDS, REGINA I CORPS.

Back row (left to right): Reita Grieg, Margaret Banford, Dorothy Dean, Ella Green, Velma Jannack. Centre row: Corporal Frances Pollack, Elizabeth Nelson, Grace Tuttle, Helen Dixon, May Simmons, Margaret Fulton, Laura Bashill, Agnes Tuttle, Muriel Soutar (Corporal). Front row: Doris Dean, Assistant Guard-Leader Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Adjutant Huband, Adjutant Huband, Corps Officers) Captain V. Cummins (Divisional Guard Organizer), Guard Leader Mrs. D. Henderson, Gladys Waterhouse. The following girls were absent when the picture was taken: Kathleen Dean, Nina Otto, Marion Pancel, Muriel McGill.

It is interesting to note that with the exception of one girl, all Guards attend the weekly Company Meeting at the Salvation Army. The Troop also has five Corps Cadets in it.

A sewing class was recently formed, apart from the weekly Parade, in order that the girls might be taught the fundamentals of sewing.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska
Founder: William Booth
(General) Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-
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Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION—

To be Captain:

Lieut. A. Weeks, Kerrobert.

APPOINTMENTS—

Ensign V. Barker from Kerrobert to
Vancouver VI.

Pro-Lieut. M. Carse to Kerrobert.

Lieut. Florence Cook from Special
Work to Vancouver IV.

CHAS. T. RICH,

Lt. Commissioner.



PICKED UP
Lt.-Colonel Coombs has received
word that his father passed away at
Bradford, Ont., on Wednesday last. He
was in his 87th year. We tender our
sympathy to the Colonel.

Brigadier and Mrs. Carter conducted
the Meetings at Norwood on Sunday last.
One woman came forward for Salvation.
In the afternoon the Brigadier visited the
Manitoba Provincial Jail where three
men raised their hands to signify ac-
ceptance of Christ.

Candidate Henry ter Telgte, from
McLeod, Alberta, was a recent visitor
to T.H.Q. He is on his way to the
International Training Garrison and will
be proceeding to Java on completion of
his training. The Candidate is a Hol-
lander by birth. He came in contact
with the Army in this country and was
led by God to become a Soldier and
offer his life for Missionary Service.

Congratulations to Adjutant and Mrs.
Lisson of Vancouver on the arrival of a
young son in their home.

A splendid response is being made by
the Young Officers of the last four Sessions
to the appeal being made by the Training
Garrison Principal for them to furnish
rooms at the New Training Garrison.
It is proposed to name a room after each
Session—"Fidelity," "Warriors," "Con-
querors," and "Overcomers."

Brigadier Allen conducted the Meetings
at Winnipeg Citadel last Sunday, assisted
by Staff-Captain Hansell, Adjutant Davies
and Mrs. Adjutant Weeks. There was
one seeker at night.

Bandmaster Twitchin of Regent Hall,
London, Eng. is coming to Winnipeg
towards the end of September and it is
probable that he will be conducting week-
end Meetings. Definite dates will be
announced later.

Major Jane Clitheroe was a recent
visitor to Headquarters. She was on her
way back to England after con-
ducting a party of immigrants to
Australia.

Adjutant and Mrs. Weeks, who are
in charge of Clinton Lodge, Toronto,
one of the Army's Immigration Hostels,
are spending their furlough in
Winnipeg.

Young People's Local Officers

Meet for Councils at Sandy Hook Camp—Many
instructive papers read bearing on Young People's
Work—The COMMISSIONER in charge

A NUMBER of Young People's Local
Officers from the various Corps in
Winnipeg enjoyed the privilege of Coun-
cils led by the Commissioner during the
weekend July 30, August 1st. The gather-
ing place was at the Sandy Hook Camp
and this event was the realization of one
of the Commissioner's hopes. Ever since
coming to the Territory he has visualized
a summer Training School for Young
People's Workers and others at this
beautiful location, and at last a beginning
has been made.

A bright, eager and alert company
faced the Commissioner in the Camp
Community Hall on Saturday evening
and it was evident that they were bent
on making the most of this opportunity.
Lt.-Colonel Sims, the Territorial Young
People's Secretary, welcomed the dele-
gates and Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Dickerson
spoke helpfully on the value of such
opportunities as these Councils offered for
the advancement and help of Young
People's workers.

The Commissioner spoke of his hopes
and desires for the increased efficiency of
the Young People's workers as a result of
the Councils.

Early on Sunday morning the Camp
rang with the sound of voices raised in
praise to God as the delegates assembled
for a knee drill led by Adjutant Green-
away.

There were three Sessions of the Coun-
cils held during the day. In the morning
Colonel Sims gave a very instructive
address on "How and what to teach."
Ensign Houghton read a paper dealing
with the work of the Life-Saving Guards
and Adjutant Greenaway read a paper on
the objects of the Army's Scout work.

The Commissioner dealt with the im-
portance of the Young People's work,
impressing on all how essential it is to
not only teach boys and girls Bible truths,

While bathing at Sandy Hook last
Monday, Candidate ter Telgte, who
was a Delegate to the Y.P. Workers'
Councils, was carried out of his depth.
Unable to swim he called loudly for
help, and the cry was responded to
immediately by Bandsman B. Dick-
erson, son of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs.
Dickerson, who plunged into the
water, fully dressed, and brought the
Cadet to safety.

Under the leadership of Bandmaster
(Captain) R. Watt, the St. James
Band visited Dugald, Man., on a recent
Saturday, and rendered two appre-
ciated programs to the townsfolk.

Ensign and Mrs. Burr from Bom-
bay, India, were recent visitors to
T.H.Q. The Ensign went to India
from Western Canada some years ago.
Mrs. Burr is an Australian and they
are on their way to Queensland to
spend part of their furlough.

Commandant Mary How, a Mission-
ary Officer from Burma, is at present
visiting her brother in Edmonton.

but to lead them into the actual knowledge
of Salvation and imbue them with real
fighting spirit so that they would become
warriors for God, ready to fill the places
of the veterans and so carry the Army
to greater victories in the future.

Adjutant Weeks, a visitor from Toronto,
read the morning portion from the Sol-
dier's Guide and spoke briefly.

In the afternoon Session, Adjutant T.
Mundy gave some very interesting im-
pressions of his recent visit to England,
where he attended the International
Young People's Staff Councils.

Staff-Captain Steele spoke on some
aspects of the Young People's Work and
the Commissioner read a very instructive
paper on Young People's recreations.

At night Mrs. Rich gave a very helpful
Bible reading and Mrs. Brigadier Smith
spoke on Corps Cadetship. The Com-
missioner gave a stirring spiritual address
and the day concluded with a hallowed
season of prayer and consecration.

The features of the Monday morning
Session were the reading of a paper on
"Scout Difficulties" by Regimental Leader
A. Stevens and a talk on "My observa-
tions of Young People's activities in the
Old Land," by Adjutant Greenaway.

The Commissioner gave a very in-
structive address on "Teaching," which
will undoubtedly live long in the mem-
ories of those present and prove of much
practical help to them in their work
among the young.

The afternoon was given up to health-
ful recreation. After supper the delegates
assembled once more and enjoyed the
benefit of some final counsel from the
Commissioner.

Undoubtedly the benefits and blessings
derived from these Councils will materially
help forward the Young People's work
in the Winnipeg Division.

Letters to the Editor

Editor, War Cry.

Dear Sir:

Several years ago the following ap-
peared on the front page of your paper:
"Money is a universal provider of
everything but happiness," a passport
everywhere but to Heaven."

I cut the same out and pasted it on my
cash register and it was the cause of many
affirmative comments till it wore out.
About the same time I noticed a prom-
inent manager of a bank did the same
thing and pasted it on the teller's counter
so everybody could see it. I think it
did much good and could be repeated in
your valued paper with the same
results.

Yours very truly,

R. J. Taylor.

Who rises from prayer a better man
his prayer is answered.

Morality purifies the outer life, religion
purifies the inner man.

Beware of any faith that does not in-
cate itself in the daily doings.

Colonel Gaskin

Retires from Active Service

Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin called in
at Headquarters on Thursday last and
left the same night for Toronto. Both
expressed themselves in glowing
terms regarding Australia.

"A magnificent country and a fine
people," said the Colonel. "The Army
is progressing splendidly there, and
besides its vigorous evangelistic work
there is a widespread network of So-
cial Institutions and Agencies for
dealing with the complete human
problems found."

"In the Southern Territory are five
Institutions for boys and girls of vi-
cious and criminal tendencies, and not-
withstanding the difficult nature of
the work, encouraging soul-saving re-
sults have been realized."

"Striking conversions have also
taken place in the prisons. In the



Colonel Gaskin

Melbourne Jail a Brass Band, formed
among the men, accompanies the sing-
ing at Army Meetings.

"A new People's Palace, accommo-
dating 500, has recently been erected
in Melbourne, and is meeting a great
need."

In the Melbourne "War Cry," Com-
missioner Whatmore pays a warm
tribute to his former Chief Secretary:

"In the earlier days of the Army
the one and only threat to the con-
tinuance of our active service was ill
health, and it was our boast that we
would die on the field of battle. A
more humane policy now obtains,
which determines upon an age of re-
tirement, but which nevertheless al-
lows an Officer to meet his conscien-
tious obligations to his fellows with-
out entailing the strain of responsi-
bility and toil which a full and active
service in the Army demands."

"Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin, having
reached that age, retire from the high
position which both their capacity and
experience, and the good will of the
General, secured for them; but know-
ing them as we do, we are assured
that in Canada, which is to be their
future home, their valued lives will
still be spent in publishing the sin-
ner's Friend."

"The Colonel's term of office in the
Southern Australia Territory has been
marked by an unusually heavy re-
sponsibility. The uncertain health of
my predecessor and the protracted in-
terim during which the Territory was
without a Commissioner placed upon
the Colonel's shoulders a task which
anyone of less vigorous mind and
physique would have found it impos-
sible successfully to undertake. He,
nevertheless, not only met the re-
quirement involved in the administra-
tion of affairs, but also found time to
devote himself to the public side of
the work, and in both of these de-
mands he has earned the thanks and

(Continued on page 7)

With the Man Chariot

Good weather and improv-
combined with Meetings which
times of blessing, have made
week a most enjoyable one to
the Chariot. We have had the
of visiting many homes, ar-
into close contact with Isola-
tionists and others whose ter-
prayers and godly lives have
much nearer to our Master ar-
aged us to greater things.

Following our great Meeting
lands on the Friday, Lyleton, was
and about three hundred people
the gathering held there. Many
from farms quite a few miles ar-
ten to the Army, and judging
late hour to which they stayed
way they contributed to the
they were not disappointed.

An hour forcibly spent in a
caused us to be late for our Sun-
ing Meeting in the Waskana
Church. When we didn't ar-
scent at the time the service was
the Sunday School Superintendent
for a show of hands to decide
they would wait. All were in
remaining so it was to a ve-
audience that we spoke, played

When we arrived at Pierson
ternoon, chairs had been pro-
our congregation was all ready
for us to commence. Time did
not permit us to attend to the needs of
man, so we had to clip off the
our service in Medicine Hat. It
was the first visit of the Chari-
town, and practically every
district came to our Meeting
converts of former years were
their experiences still kept
Smith, a student of Brandon Col-
charge of the Baptist Church
his earnest love for souls and
his work certainly touched us.

Following a Meeting in Har-
Monday evening, where we en-
hospitality of Mr. and Mrs.
Army friends, we went to Virgo
good to see a little bit of the
Army again. Captain Buckle
of the Conquerors, in the per-
tain Houghton, while we
were privileged to renew ac-
with Cadet Bradley. An Op-
inside Meeting were conducted
Chariot, and among those
tended was the Mayor of the
staunch Army friend.

On our way to McAuley we
an afternoon service at Elkhorn
an ideal evening for our Meet-
Auley, and here we had one
gatherings since we left the

On Thursday evening we pre-
music to a garden party at
and concluded with a Meeting.

None of us were sorry, not
tenant Wright, our champion
when we finished our final T.
Strathclair. In the evening
was conducted in the street, at-
tended by a large crowd.—T.
Lieut.

Colonel Gaskin

(Continued from page 1)

esteem of his Comrades even

"In all this labor of love I
has been ably and constant-
ly by Mrs. Gaskin. Her cheer-
tion, kindly nature, humble
splendid industry have been
a help to her husband but a
tion to all.

"No Territorial Home Le-
retary has shown more gen-
est in the development of the
of the service, and no one has
harder for its advancement."

"We part with our Chief
and stay with us, and with
prayers that their future may
full of happiness and good."

Both the Colonel and his
are looking well and enjoy
health. They intend to
Toronto.

In order to keep salvation,
be the steady and determined
of evil. The Christian is sur-
comes. He must fight his
through. He will have to fight
who, as a roaring lion, will be
about to devour his soul.

The Commissioner's Appointments

WINNIPEG CITADEL - - MONDAY, AUG. 15

(Farewell of Major and Mrs. Church)

WINNIPEG CITADEL - - MONDAY, AUG. 29

(Welcome to Lt.-Colonel E. Joy,

and Brigadier B. Taylor)

VANCOUVER - - SATURDAY, SEPT. 3

(Opening new Grace Hospital)

VICTORIA - - SUNDAY, SEPT. 4

MAGAZINE PAGE

History, Current Events, Science, Travel, Exploration

Oysters Grown Like Corn

The oyster industry of the United States now constitutes its most valuable fishery, says a writer in "The Scientific Monthly." Oysters are now planted and cultivated like so much corn or turnips, yielding annually about 73,000 tons of food, employing over 65,000 persons, and producing each year a crop valued at over \$14,000,000 as it is taken from the water. It is conducted, he says, in every seacoast State from Cape Cod to the Rio Grande and from Puget Sound to San Francisco.

We read: "The oyster lends itself readily to cultivation, first, because it is unable to move of its own volition from the beds on which it is placed; second, because it can withstand rough handling and long exposure to air; and third, because of its interesting and unusual life history, which makes possible unique methods for controlling and increasing its production. Further studies of the oyster, its life history and environment are being made so that the oyster farmer, like the agriculturist, can control inwards and protect his crop by the application of scientific methods."

Dictating From the Ocean Depths

The spectacle of a biologist pacing the coral floor of the ocean, and telephoning his observation of strange new fish that swim into his ken to a calm stenographer in the big schooner far above his head, has recently provided both wonder and amusement, we are told, for those unfamiliar with the ways of divers and scientists. The naturalist in question was William Beebe, and he had just returned to New York from the coral reefs of Haiti, where he had been at the head of an expedition sent out by the New York Zoological Society.

"It is perfectly feasible," Mr. Beebe said to a "New York Times" reporter, "to pace the ocean bottom and dictate to a stenographer. It is absolutely essential for the sea-floor walker to get his impressions recorded rapidly, especially when a fish of a new species swims into the diver's range of vision. Some of these have scores of characteristics which the naturalist desires to register before the fish can dart away and force the scientist to depend on memory rather than on absolutely contemporaneous notes."

"For this work an experimental telephone was installed in the diver's helmet by the Bell Telephone Laboratories. It did not work perfectly throughout the 100 days of ocean-bottom exploring, but it can easily be perfected so that ordinary office routine can be introduced in ocean-bottom work."

Slow, But Not Sure

It is a popular view that the slowest worker is also the surest. Certain figures however, that have resulted from an investigation carried out by Dr. O'Rourke, director of personal research in the United States Civil Service Commission, throw some doubt on this. Of 500 competitors for clerical positions, the 125 most rapid workers were found to work five and a half times as fast as the 125 slowest, while the slow group made seven times as many errors as the rapid group. In a sorting test given to postal employees the most rapid 25 per cent were two and a quarter times as fast as the slowest 25 per cent, and made only one-third of the number of errors. Among competitors for post-office positions the fast group worked two and three-quarter times as fast as the slow group, and made less than half the number of errors.

The Festival of the Leaves

Some Facts About our Autumn Tree Colorings which should Prove Instructive

ALL Canadians should be tree lovers (writes Marion Watken Fox in Forest and Outdoors.) Perhaps there is no country in the world that has more beautiful trees than Canada, such a variety of them. Trees give us, next to agriculture, the most of our natural wealth; they enrich the climate; they are one of the most important factors in the beauty of our scenery—therefore, we should not only love trees, but know them. But do we? Many Canadians do

air about it and from the soil. The matter from the air is received through the little pores of the leaf—stomata, with which the leaf is covered; and the water, sometimes containing much mineral substance, comes from the soil in the form of sap up through the mother tree, via the little leaf stem, and so on into the leaf—carried through the net-work of veins to every part of the leaf's surface. So long as the leaf is in the sunshine, receives carbonic-acid gas from the air,



MAPLE DOGWOOD ALDER ARBUTUS
Some Canadian tree leaves

not even know the names of the trees in their own yards, along their own street, in their own town, on their own farm, in the nearest woods.

Take this matter of the autumnal foliage. Which trees turn yellow? Which red? Which brown?

All the birches turn dull yellow. The elms turn pure yellow, lemon yellow, or brown yellow.

Maple leaves turn red—as a rule. The tints of the sugar maple have often been likened to a painter's palette, and are perhaps the most varied and beautiful of our autumn leaves. One leaf may contain scarlet, several shades of yellow, orange, green, crimson or a good half dozen tints and shades in between.

Poplars turn a clear chrome yellow. The leaves of ash trees go through a whole gradation of tints, from dark to light; first a sort of deep purple, bronze-purple and on into a reddish yellow.

Willows may fall without change or turn yellow. Sumachs and dogwoods add much to the brilliancy of the autumn foliage; the dogwoods turning red and yellow, while the sumachs are often as brilliantly, or as richly red, as the most beautiful and vivid maple.

Autumn in Canada may well be called the "Festival of the Leaves."

Why They Change Color

Have you ever seen a branch or a few leaves of vivid red on a tree in mid-summer? Or in later summer? I have, and used to wonder at it, for I had been taught that frost turns the leaves red, yellow, etc. It was quite customary to heave a pensive sigh when these appeared in late summer or early autumn and say, "Oh, dear! Is it possible that it's autumn so soon. There's been frost already—see those red leaves!"

Of course most of us have now learned that frost has little, or nothing to do with the autumn change of color.

The average life of the leaves of our Canadian trees is four months. During all this time these little affairs which we designate as 'leaves' are busy at work. Each is a miniature laboratory or manufacturing concern turning out important products which are necessary to the healthy life of both plants and animals. The leaf receives the raw material for the manufacture of these products from the

receives water from the roots, it can go on doing this work making chlorophyll—the green pulp of the leaf. But when anything happens to prevent this and chlorophyll can no longer be formed, the leaf begins to turn yellow—"put on their autumn dress" as children love to say. And the cause is not the frost but rather, that—

The sunlight has become less intense; the water supply from the roots is being interfered with—the tree no longer making sap; or because the pores of the leaves have become clogged by some mineral matter, left there by the water brought from the soil or perhaps by exposure of the leaf's surface to the dust and dirt of the season, and so the leaf can no longer do its work; its usefulness is over.

To get a proper understanding of this process by which leaves change their color and then drop from the tree we must know that in some wonderful way this material—chlorophyll, which has been manufactured and stored in the leaves, has the unique power of changing the carbonic-acid gas received from the air and the water received from the roots over into starch, sugar, etc., which the mother tree sips back from the leaf as food for her twigs, branches, trunk, and most of all for her baby buds being formed before the leaf falls; and also to separate the carbonic-acid gas into carbon and oxygen, sending the latter into the air as fresh, invigorating food for animals and man. When the leaf can no longer manufacture more chlorophyll to accomplish these wonderful things the mother tree keeps on drawing out all the food products in the chlorophyll already stored in the leaf, so soon all the valuable substance is gone; the chlorophyll is disintegrating. Some scientists simply explain the change of color for the process is not properly understood—by saying that the blue of the disintegrating chlorophyll passes out in the food products and leaves only the yellow the blue and yellow forming the green of the leaf. Others, however, claim that the yellow, orange, brown, etc., now appearing in the leaves is from the mineral substance, left behind when the other constituents of the chlorophyll have been absorbed.

It is generally recognized, however, that the red coloring of leaves is the result of an entirely different process than is the yellow, etc.; the explanation for the red being: when the vitality of the leaves of certain trees begin to fall a liquid red dye is formed which stains all the leaf. Evidently conditions may be such that this dye can be formed in parts of a tree even in summer or in very early autumn as has been the case when the untimely bid of red up and then surprised amidst an otherwise green foliage.

The falling of the leaves starts in Canada—at least in the East and North-east—about the twentieth of September. The great fall comes sometimes between the seventeenth and twenty-seventh of October.

Gigantic Newspaper Circulations

Never has newspaper reading been so extensive as it is at the present time, as is indicated by some figures recently published in "The Newspaper World." Forty years ago in London six morning papers, including "The Times," had a combined circulation of 900,000, an average of 150,000 copies per issue. Today, with ten daily papers, the combined circulation is 7,000,000 an average of 700,000. That is to say nothing of the evening papers and the Sunday journals more than one of which has 2,000,000 readers.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, the American newspaper proprietor, is the sole owner of nine morning and fifteen evening papers and fourteen Sunday papers, with a total circulation of 9,000,000 and a combined staff of 38,000 people. He also owns a controlling interest in other papers and he and Mrs. Hearst are proprietors of eleven magazines with a circulation of 4,000,000.

It is safe to say that not one of these widely read journals give any guidance on the most vital question in the world, how to get saved. That, however, is what the "War Cry" does in every issue.

An Icelandic Celebration

Citizens of Canada and the United States of Icelandic birth or descent have initiated preliminary arrangements for an excursion to Iceland in 1930, when the 1,000th anniversary of the founding of the oldest parliament in Europe will be celebrated. It is estimated that 25,000 persons of Icelandic origin are living in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; in addition there are settlements, some large and others small, in Minnesota and North Dakota, Utah, and all along the Pacific coast from Vancouver to Los Angeles. Both Chicago and New York number many citizens of Icelandic extraction.

Ice Cream Consumption

Ice cream production has increased remarkably in recent years. The estimated production in 1910 was only 55,453,000 gallons, but by 1920 production had reached 260,000,000 gallons and last year was 324,665,000 gallons, an increase in 16 years of 240 per cent. Although ice cream manufacture is a small branch of the dairy industry, utilizing only about 3.8 per cent of the milk production in the United States, the industry employs more than 50,000 persons and pays out salaries more than \$75,000,000 a year.

1554—Fletcher, William. Irish. height 5 ft. 7 in.; dark brown eyes; dark complexion. Farm known as being to Manitoba. to have joined an Orange Lodge. Sister in New York very anxious.

1594—Slins, Donald. Age 21. 9 in.; light brown hair; blue eyes; complexion; farm hand. Native of heard from some years ago: Railway Ave., Drumheller, Alta. is Maxine, c-o Co-op. Farm, gins, Sask. Uncle in England on 1641—Marigampole, Parpeten. from for six months. At that working at a camp at Mobell, ther, Lithuania Marigampole emp.

1643—Thompson, George S. Age 5 ft. 8 in.; blue eyes. Sister of from 18 months ago; his address Delivery, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., working for the Civil Light whoever attends to the arrest in inc. Mother enquires.

1644—Pedersen, Gunnar Berth medium height; fair hair; blue eyes. Went to Canada April S.S. Frederick VIII; landed in moved to have some out West and be in Vancouver. Friends wish to with him.

1647—Osborn, Joseph. Age 48 0 ft.; fair curly hair; native of Ireland. In 1918 he was granted Allotment in Alberta, Canada, a was then c-o Roman Post Office quire.

1649—Jrvin, Charles. English height 5 ft. 8 in.; weight 120; eyes; fair complexion. Single. Missing for nine months. Last was Manitou, Manitoba, c-o Stepmother enquires.

1660—George. From dress g ey Ho ewell friends locate. 1661 Peders Height weight missing for nine months. Last of little Last 1925 1925

Sask. Information sought. 1652—Hall, James Leonard. 6 ft. 4 in.; dark hair; pale blue eyes. Native of Cheshire, known address was c-o P.O. Van B.C. Mother has not heard from years. Very anxious.

We are looking for you

We will search for missing in any part of the world and, as far as possible, assist in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY, 317-319 C. Winnipeg, Manitoba, man inquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent, case, where possible, to the expenses. In case of reproduction photograph, three dollars extra.

454—Tuffa, Ole. Norwegian. A medium; dark hair. Single. Bld. Bunkerud, Norway. Occupied man. Last heard from Neusk, S. about two years ago. Sister on anxious for news. 1134—Dahlberg, Carl Allen (Sweden). Age 45; dark complexion. Birthplace Solleftea, Sweden. Ader 1919 was Great War Veteran. Evident. Last heard from given Craven, Sask. Mother very 1150—Wills, Mr., may go un Richard. Last heard from in given McGill. Mother in Truro, naires; most anxious.



1281A—John. April 5 time on London 10 years known to fusion, Toronto, England photo. 1348—Johanne Copenhagen ber, 189 mark for Canada he got from two he was

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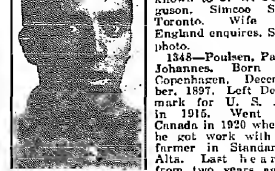
We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.**

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

454—Tufta, Ole, Norwegian. Age 43; height medium; dark hair. Single. Birthplace Sledal, Bukserud, Norway. Occupation all-around man. Last heard from Neoka, Sask., Canada, about two years ago. Sister enquiring, very anxious for news.

455—Dahlberg, Carl Allen (or Dahlberg). Swedish. Age 45; dark complexion; blue eyes. Birthplace Solletta, Sweden. Address in October 1919 was Great War Veterans Association, Estevan. Last heard from 1919; address given Craven, Sask. Mother very anxious.

1156—Wills, Mrs. May, age 42, single. Last heard from in 1914; address given McGill, Mother in Truro, England enquires; most anxious.



1281A—Hunt, Wm. John. Missing since April 1925. At the time on the ship "London Authority" for 10 years. May be known to J. W. Ferguson, 1897, left Denmark, wife in England enquires. See photo.

1281B—Poulsen, Paul Johannes. Born in Copenhagen, December, 1897, left Denmark for U. S. A. in 1915. Went to Canada in 1920 where he had work with a farmer in Standard, Alta. Last heard from two years ago. He was at that time working as manager of a farm owned by a widow. Missing is medium height; blue eyes; 5 ft. 8 in.; dark brown hair; fair complexion. Parents and sister very anxious.

1534—Fletcher, William. Irish. Age 45 years; height 5 ft. 7 in.; dark brown hair; blue eyes; dark complexion. Farm hand. Last known address was Nulcam, Sask., Canada; he then spoke of going to Manitoba. Was thought to have joined an Orange Lodge in Alberta. Sister in New York very anxious to locate.

1534—Sims, Donald. Age 21. Height 5 ft. 9 in.; light brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; farm hand. Native of Dorset. Last heard from some years ago; address given Railway Ave., Drumheller, Alberta. Friends to Manager, C-o Co-op. Farm, Hughton, Regina, Sask. Uncle in England enquires.

1641—Marjampole, Margaret. Not heard from for six months. At first time in 1925 working at a camp at Mobella, Ontario. Brother, Lithuanian Marjampole enquires.

1642—Thompson, George S. Age 22; height 5 ft. 8 in.; blue eyes. Single. Last heard from 18 months ago; his address was General Delivery, Boston, Mass. He was working for the Civil Light Department or wherever attends to the street and house lighting. Mother enquires.

1644—Pedersen, Gunnar Berthous. Age 47; medium height; fair hair; blue eyes. Norwegian. Went to Canada April 22, 1927 with S.S. Frederick VIII; landed at Halifax. Believed to have gone out West and presumed to be in Vancouver. Friends wish to get in touch with him.

1647—Osborn, Joseph. Age 48 years; height 6 ft.; fair curly hair; native of Londonderry, Ireland. In 1908 he was granted a 160-acre allotment in Alberta, Canada, and his address was then c/o Roman Tent Office. Friends enquire.

1648—Irving, Charles. English. Age 91; height 5 ft. 8 in.; weight 125; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Single. Farm laborer. Missing for nine months. Last known address was Manitou, Manitoba, c/o Mr. Glenfield. Sister enquires.



1660—Smith, Baden George. Last heard from May 1926 addressed given was Smiley Hospital, Saskatoon, Canada. The friends anxious to locate. See photo.

1661—Pederson, Peder. Age thirty; height 5 ft. 11 in.; weight 160; fair complexion; blue eyes; light hair; first joint of little finger gone. Last heard from in 1925 from Borden, Sask. Information sought.

1652—Hall, James Leonard. Age 42; height 5 ft. 4 in.; dark hair; pale complexion; laborer. Native of Cheshire, England. Last known address was c/o P.O. Vancouver, B.C. Mother has not heard from son for four years. Very anxious.

New Hall at Kamloops

Brigadier Layman conducts Dedication and Opening Services assisted by Vancouver Citadel Band

"It is a day long looked forward to and is the beginning of a new era in Salvation Army experience in Kamloops," declared Brigadier Layman, in unlocking the fine new Salvation Army building on Seymour Street, Sunday afternoon. The Vancouver Citadel Band, thirty strong, in charge of Adjutant Cubitt, and under leadership of Bandmaster T. W. Mills, was in attendance and it was indeed a heavy day of engagements for them.

The Band arrived Saturday evening after completing a tour of the Okanagan Valley, and at once marched to Victoria Street where their numbers were listened to by a large crowd.

Go To Tranquille

Sunday morning the Rotary club transported the Band to Tranquille, where their music was greatly appreciated by the inmates. The male choir, picked from the Band, further enlivened the visit. A splendid luncheon was provided there. At 2.15 citizens gathered in front of the new Hall for the opening ceremony. Following a march by the Band and an opening song, Adjutant Cubitt offered prayer.

Acting Mayor Speaks

Acting Mayor Moffatt ably and briefly addressed the gathering:

"It is indeed an honor and a pleasure to have been called upon to address a few words to you on this occasion," he said. "I regret that through absence from the city of my mayor, this duty should fall upon me. I wish to express particularly to the Officers and members of the Salvation Army the very great pleasure we, the members of the city council and the citizens of Kamloops as a whole have in joining with you on this happy occasion of the opening of your own home in Kamloops. I have said your own home; but I am sure it is not necessary to remind anyone that this Citadel, as all the world over, is more than your own home. It is a home to all who wish to enter; a home where each and every one is heartily welcome, and a home where many have found a yet happier home eternal in the heavens."

"I do not know, sir, just to what extent the citizens have helped in a financial way as to the building; but to those who have not as yet had that privilege, I feel sure the opportunity will be found in the near future and when it does I would say, give as liberally as you possibly can."

"It is not necessary for me to mention the activities of the Salvation Army. They are well known to us all. Thank God for the vast army of men and women who are day by day making personal sacrifices in connection with your duties and organization. I am satisfied if any body or organization is entitled to receive the reward as given by our Lord when He said in that wonderful passage or in the latter part of that passage, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' And to that might be added, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.'"

"The citizens of Kamloops were pleased

to hear you intended to erect your own home, and I am sure I am safe in saying that every citizen joins with you today in rejoicing in the completion of the same. Your activities will, I am sure, be felt to a far greater extent than ever before in Kamloops, and I trust that ere long you may find you have made a mistake in your building, in that in the near future it may not be large enough for you."

"It would be remiss if I did not on this occasion welcome Captain Stratton into our midst. It is no small matter for a young lady to have but a few days' acquaintance in the city and have the arrangements to make for an occasion such as this. I again welcome Captain Stratton and Lieut. More and trust that their sojourn in Kamloops may be both pleasant and profitable not only to themselves but to others."

"As to the Vancouver Citadel Band who are with us today, it is hardly necessary for me to say we again welcome them to our city. You, sir, spoke last evening of the services three times on Sundays and three nights a week. And on hearing that I thought if there is any such thing as a skeptic, all one would need to do is point to the Vancouver Citadel band and his skepticism must vanish as the mist."

"Now, sir, I have nothing further to say, only let me again on behalf of the citizens of Kamloops extend to you our very best wishes and trust your efforts may be crowned with every blessing."

Brigadier Layman Speaks

The Band again played and Brigadier Layman in opening the Hall spoke briefly. He appreciated the kind sentiments in favor of the Salvation Army. With the better facilities better work could be done. The building is a long way from being paid for, said the Brigadier, but they felt they could carry it. He congratulated the architect and contractors in the production of the fine edifice. He spoke of the necessity of the right relation between man and God, and between individuals, and stated the Salvation Army was an advocate of honest labor.

Signal Honor

Brigadier Layman felt it the signal honor of his life to declare the building open, and forthwith unlocked the door for the inspection of the public.

The building has an attractive and cheerful appearance from the street with its white stucco finish, and the Hall itself has a high ceiling with abundance of light. Besides the auditorium there are four rooms, being the living quarters of the Officers.

Program in Park

The Band marched from the new Citadel to the park where a program of music and song was enjoyed.

Again in the evening a well attended service was held in the park at which bandmen spoke. The Band gave their final treat at the station platform as they departed for their homes in Vancouver, after a strenuous week.

The Band was supposed to be on holi-

Wedding at Lethbridge

Bandman Symons and Songster Engdahl United in Marriage

The Lethbridge Citadel was the scene of a wedding on Wednesday evening, June 15, when Annie Engdahl, Soldier of the Lethbridge Corps, became the bride of Bandman Henry Symons of Regina Citadel.

The Lethbridge Citadel Band, under Bandmaster Wm. Hardy, provided musical numbers during the gathering of the congregation which packed the Citadel to the doors, many being unable to gain entrance. The wedding procession entered the auditorium to the strains of the wedding march played by Treasurer Stanley Robinson. Kathleen McCaughey was the flower-girl, dressed in white, while the bride was attended by Corps Cadet Bella Shaw and the groom by Deputy-Bandmaster Russell Barnard. Following the singing of "Lord Let Thy blessing rest," accompanied by the Band, Adjutant McCaughey read the Scripture Lesson and performed the ceremony by which the young couple were united.

The platform was profusely decorated with flowers, ferns and palms, centered by a large arch and white wedding bell, under which was a table covered by a beautiful centre of crocheted work and embroidery, the work of the groom's mother, recently promoted to glory—this was used as a cushion.

After the ceremony the Band rendered the selection "Exaltation," and the bride and groom spoke, each giving testimony to God's saving and keeping power and declared their intention of making Him the chief cornerstone of their new life. Coupled with their testimony were voiced words of appreciation and thanks to Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey and Comrades of the Corps for their labor in decorating the Citadel and preparing the reception which was to follow and also for the many gifts received.

Following the groom's speaking, Bandman Bert Mundy, Lethbridge, and Mrs. Adjutant Mundy, Winnipeg, sang, "My soul is so happy in Jesus." Congratulations and best wishes were voiced by the Bridesmaid and groomsmen, Mrs. Tullock Sr. and Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey. Telegrams were read by Mrs. McCaughey from the groom's father and sister, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Symons, Staff-Captain Merritt, Adjutant and Mrs. Huband, Regina Citadel Band, Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse, Captain and Mrs. Comman, and Mrs. Bruce.

After the signing of the register over one hundred guests sat down to a lovely supper, arrangements for which Mrs. Tullock Sr. was in charge. The bride's table, decorated in pink and white was centered by a large wedding cake. Mrs. L. Tullock was in charge of this table.

During the supper, congratulations were again voiced by Comrades of the Corps and Mr. and Mrs. Symons made fitting replies, after which they left for Banff, where their honeymoon will be spent before taking up permanent residence in Regina.

National Greetings

The equivalent national greetings of some other countries to the English "How do you do?" are interesting. Translated, they are:

French—"How do you carry yourself?"
German—"How do you find yourself?"
Swedish—"How can you?"
Dutch—"How do you fare?"
Italian—"How do you stand?"
Spanish—"Go, with God, señor."
Russian—"How do you live on?"
Egyptian—"How do you perspire?"
Polish—"How do you have yourself?"
Arabian—"Thank God, how are you?"
Persian—"May thy shadow never grow less."

day, but on one day they played as many as seven programs, travelling in all 90 miles by car.

Much credit for arrangements goes to Captain M. Stratton, only recently arrived from Fernie to take charge of Salvation Army work in Kamloops.

"Kamloops Sentinel."



WEDDING PARTY AT REGINA

Standing (left to right): Deputy-Bandmaster Russell Barnard, Adjutant R. McCaughey, Corps Cadet Bella Shaw. Seated: Bandman E. H. Symons, Kathleen McCaughey and Mrs. E. H. Symons.

Victory Winning On The Field



Moose Jaw

Adjutant and Mrs. Merrett—On Thursday last we bade farewell to Captain Halverson, who carried on during the break between appointments. May God bless him in the future. On Saturday we had the pleasure of bidding Adjutant and Mrs. Merrett welcome. The Adjutant started the weekend campaign immediately by a stirring Open-Air Meeting on Saturday night, followed by these Meetings on Sunday that proved a blessing to all. Unfortunately Mrs. Merrett was unable to be present, owing to illness, but the Adjutant brought her testimony and good wishes with him. We pray that God's healing hand may speedily restore her to health and strength.

After the different branches of the Corps had paid their respects the Adjutant spoke, referring to the high standard set for him by his father, Brigadier Merrett, and said that he was doing his best to follow in his footsteps. The Adjutant was especially and warmly received by the Bandmen, he himself being a musician of no mean ability. Bandmen W. Probert and R. Rowett were called upon to speak and did so creditably.

We welcomed back recently from the Old Country Bandman Taylor, who left on a vacation, and also bade farewell to Y.P. Band leader C. Dea and family, who have moved to Shaunavon. We feel the loss of the Band-Leader keenly, he being a splendid worker and musician.

The Band is contemplating a series of weekly trips to adjoining towns in the near future. The size of the combination has recently been increased by the transfer of three Y.P. Bandmen, thus adding greatly to the calibre of the Band—**Rea**.

Mount Pleasant (Vancouver II)

Ensign and Mrs. Rea—On Sunday, July 17, Ensign Rea conducted his first Sunday Meetings at Vancouver II, these commencing with a stirring Kneel-Drill. In the Holiness Meeting a most blessed time was experienced. The band of a backslider was raised for prayer. The Ensign piloted a truly Army Praise Meeting in the afternoon. A helpful little Prayer-Meeting was held before the Soldiers sallied forth on the streets of our district. We continued the fight in the Hall, when we enjoyed much singing and prayer. Band-Secretary McKenzie read the Scriptures, and the Ensign gave an eloquent and appealing address, his subject being "Fruitfulness." During a hard-fought Prayer-Meeting the Ensign, who is a wanderer just leaving the Hall, and brought him to the Mercy-Seat.

On Wednesday night, in the Soldiers' Meeting Ensign Rea spoke words of love and cheer to the Comrades gathered. The public Meeting on Thursday night was preceded by a rousing Open-Air. Brother Towles led the testimonies and the Ensign spoke very appropriately.

Mrs. Ensign Rea has been laid aside, and we are also sorry to have to report the illness of Band Sergeant Watson. We are praying for him and his dear wife—**S.C.P.**

Trail

Ensign Chalk and Lieut. Ames—We are having good times at Trail. In spite of the weather good numbers turn out to the Meetings, outdoor and inside. One recent Sunday evening Captain Walker, from Calgary, gave his testimonial, who is here on furlough, took the Meeting. We were privileged to listen to a helpful message, which held a blessing for all present. The following Thursday Sister Mrs. Frew took the lesson, her message also being a blessing and inspiration. We are looking forward to the time when Ensign Chalk will be with us—**"Overcomer"**.

Vernon, B.C.

Capt. Newbury—Lt. Norman—Our Captain is away on furlough, but we are holding on. "God is with us." The Soldiers have rallied round and we had a good week-end.

On Sunday, July 24, at night, we welcomed some visitors in the persons of Adjutant and Mrs. Hall and family, from California. The Adjutant led us on and we enjoyed a real, lively Salvation Army Meeting. The testimonies of our Comrades came fresh to our hearts and were the means of much blessing.

We are looking forward to this coming Sunday when the Adjutant and his wife will lead us on. The recent visit of the Vancouver Citadel Band was a means of much blessing, and we believe lasting good was accomplished. The music was appreciated by all who listened and we say from our hearts, "God bless you and come again!"—**"Overcomer"**.

Coleman

Captain and Mrs. Hind—On Sunday, July 24th, we had with us the Alberta Characters. Capt. Bellamy being in charge. During the day eight rousing Open-Airs were held, children were taught choruses, and many people were baptized and blessed. These Open-Airs were held in the small places around, including Bellevue, Hilcrest, Klarmark, Frank and Coleman. On Sunday afternoon music was rendered by the Characters, and singing by Captain and Mrs. Hind at the Hospital. The music was appreciated by the patients. The next Meeting was led on by the Characters. Captain Bellamy read the lesson.

Victoria Band News

The Band, under Bandmaster Hornbuckle, played to an appreciative audience at Foul Bay on a recent warm Sunday afternoon, also at a garden party held by the Ladies Aid of the Centennial United Church.

Summer visitors included the Bandmaster of Montreal II, and Bandman Atkinson, well known for several years as the hard-working Bandmaster of Seattle I. Bandman Wilfred Wah is missed from the Bass section, having returned to his home in Swift Current.

In connection with the Fortieth Anniversary of the Corps, messages were received from the pioneer Bandmaster, Alex. Duncan (San Francisco), Bandman Ben Norman (Vancouver), one of his pupils, and Staff-Captain Mrs. Maltby (New York), formerly Staff-Captain N. Ranks. The latter says, "The Band, especially in those days, was the most spiritual I ever knew." What a pleasing record.

A voice that will be missed when the Vancouver Citadel Band is "on the air" is that of Adjutant Acton. His messages

brought blessing and cheer to many who will never meet him personally, and in leaving the Southern B.C. Division, his Victoria Comrades have pleasant memories of this extra bit of service for the Master.

Hundreds of passengers lined the decks of the M. S. "Aorangi" when she sailed for the Antipodes on Wednesday evening, a little group on the pier singing, "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye," as the great liner backed away. On board were Drum-Major and Mrs. Coote returning to Adelaide, Australia, after visiting relatives in Victoria. The Bandman, who insists that his Band is the best in the Territory, had a real holiday, having left his instrument at home.

A recent Winnipeg wedding was of great interest to both the Band and Songster Brigade. Ensign Majury having been a Bandsman when Assistant Social Officer here, and Mrs. Ensign Majury a Songster. Both spent many happy days in Victoria, and their musical Comrades join in wishing them many useful years of united service.—**A.E.T.**



The Salvation Army Floats which took third prize in the Diamond Jubilee Celebration at Port Arthur. The first shows the Army as it was 60 years ago, "Under one bat," and the second represents the Army to-day.

Virden, Man.

Captain P. Haughton and Cadet G. Bradley—Virden was aroused from quiet enjoyment of the cool following a regular "snoozer," by the strains of "Under the Stars," rendered by one cornet and one trombone. Men lounging in doorways amused to see where the music was coming from. The Manitoba Chariot occupied a prominent place on the Main Street and this means was used by Captain Buckley and Lieut. Hamilton to draw a crowd. Then followed a bright Open-Air Service, in which all the characters took part. Next—an indoor Service in our Hall, much enjoyed by all, in which these itinerant warriors told of their experiences, and best of all of souls won. Music and singing occupied a large place in the Meeting, not the least interesting being a duet by Captains Buckley and Hamilton. "In my Heart a Song is Ringing." Several had come ten miles and more in order to be present and one and all appreciated the visit and say a hearty "Come Again!"—"Conqueror."

Dauphin

Capt. Roskelley and Lieut. Erickson—Having said good-bye to Ensign and Mrs. Joyce, who had a very profitable stay here in Dauphin and whose work was very much appreciated by citizens and comrades alike, we have welcomed to our district Captain Roskelley. The Lieut. is on furlough, but we expect shortly to give her a welcome also. The Welcome Meeting was of great blessing to all and we are sure that our new Officers will be able to do something towards helping the old church along. The Captain had for welcome to Dauphin Outpost, where we had a good time. The Y. P. were also enthusiastic in their welcome, saying that the Y. P. work will take a march forward.—**A.H.**

Melville

Sergeants Wilson and Reed. Some blessed times have been experienced here of late. On Sunday night we bade farewell to Ensign Schwartz, who is leaving for furlough, and also Lieutenant Henderson, whose short visit to her home town has been a blessing and pleasure to all.

God is with us, proving His power to bless and to save. Open-Air Meetings are well attended, and visits have been made by car to several outside towns, where rousing Open-Airs are conducted, bringing the encouraging comment, "Come again!"

Two souls have surrendered to Christ, one being a drunkard and backslider for years who made his way to the Army Hall late one night, confessing to deep conviction, and asking us to pray for him. We feel sure God really came to him, and we are looking for still greater victories in the near future.—**T.G. "Overcomer"**.

Prince Rupert

Capt. and Mrs. Stobbert—The Scouts, Guards and Sunbeams were a great attraction in the parade on Confederation Day. Four flags were carried—the Scouts', Sunbeams', Canadian, and the Army Flag.

One old Scotch boy was heard to remark to his mother, "My, but the Salvation Army does big things. It does year after year, and I see the wee lassies dressed in their uniform keeping step with the music, and I hear from her eyes at the time."—**Mrs. T. Carlyle**.

Drumheller

Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell. The work here is progressing favorably, and the revival spirit is in our midst. The Meetings are faces again. At the close of a bright and happy Meeting on Thursday night a man knelt at the Mercy-Seat and said, "I have been a Soldier and enjoyed a very helpful and spiritual time. The week-end Meetings were full of interest and blessing. In the Holiness Meeting I came very near and hearts were touched." Captain McDowell gave a thoughtful address on "The Fear of Great Price," and a consecration song brought a very profitable Meeting to a close. At night the Band and Soldiers rallied well to the Open-Air Meeting, where our music and message attracted a large crowd, which listened attentively to the Message.

A stirring Salvation Meeting was conducted in the Hall, where Adjutant Reader's address, based on Ezekiel's vision at Jerusalem, was inspiring. We concluded the day's fight with a hearty Open-Air Meeting at the Alexandra Hotel, when an appreciative audience listened to the music and earnest addresses. The Band and Soldiers Morton, was well to the front all day, and rendered good service.

Meetings conducted all day on Sunday by our new Officers were very inspiring. In the Holiness Meeting, after a stirring address by the Adjutant, the day's fight with a hearty Open-Air Meeting at the Alexandra Hotel, when the Captain delivered his message to the people which was very helpful and all four souls were converted. On a recent Saturday night a dinner in town knelt at the Penitent-Form.—**C.C.**

Four Souls at Regina Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Huband. The Meeting last weekend was of a very interesting character. A number of visiting friends took part in the Meetings. The Holiness Meeting was led by Captain and Mrs. Boyle of Fort William, assisted by Captain Lyons, whose often heard former Soldiers of the Citadel Corps. They received a very warm welcome into our midst, and as a result of their efforts we had the joy of seeing two souls at the Mercy-Seat for Salvation. In the Salvation Meeting led by Adjutant Huband, we had a great time, and after a hard hour we had the reward of another two smokers at the Mercy-Seat, making four for the day's fight.—**W. C. Williams**.

Vancouver II

Ensign and Mrs. Rae. The Life Saving Scouts and Guards turned out in full force for the weekend of our new Officers. We had a band headed by the Senior Band.

The welcome Meeting was led by Lt. O'Neil and Mrs. Phillips, assisted by Mr. Brigadier Layman, Mrs. Staff Captain Bourne and Adjutant Jackson.

The colonel attended a warm welcome to the new Officers, as did Mrs. Layman. Local Officers, representing each department of the Corps also spoke. The Bandmaster welcomed the Ensign as a Bandsman.

Ensign and Mrs. Rae both gave splendid testimonies. At our first Soldiers' Meeting with the new Officers there was a good attendance.

Neepawa

Capt. Johnson—The Sunday night attendance is increasing. We have been able to hold Open-Airs in 11 outside towns, covering a distance of 460 miles by car. We have had 3 at the Penitent-Form for Salvation, and one for Communion. Our Corps Code is giving excellent service, attending all Open-Airs, speaking, singing and praying when the opportunity is given by the Soldiers are also standing firm, happy in the fact. We do thank God for restoring two of our Soldiers to health, so that they can take their stand on again. We have much to praise God for, and are out for victory in God's strength.

Kamsack

Captain Anderson and Lieut. Leven. The result of last Wednesday night's Y.P. Meeting was two seekers at the Mercy-Seat, both girls of fifteen. It being Fair Day we held an Open-Air Meeting afterwards, and both the seekers were in the ranks, one in charge of the drum and the other the tambourine. The two were among the first that raised their hands for prayer, the previous Sunday night. We are believing for the other two.—**F. and O.**

Fernie, B.C.

Capt. and Mrs. Morrison. We are still looking for Flag flying and God is blessing our souls. We are having some real good times here and God is blessing our efforts. On Sunday we held a late Open-Air and on Saturday we held two Open-Airs. All day Sunday the power of God was felt and we rejoiced over our souls under the Savior. Our Band of four is doing well.—**J. Doe**.



Or A You

CHAPTER XII A THWARTED PLAN

"OH, Mr. White, I'm so glad you've come," said Elsie in a low voice. "I feel so worried about Rosie like this." "You have never said Harry." "We must stop this ruined."

Then, speaking rapidly and excitedly, he addressed himself

"Miss McPherson, let me come not to accompany this man to the train, but to see that he means you no good. agent of the White Slavers, and dozens of young girls into the Get away from here as quickly as I will settle with Phil, and if I don't, I'll threaten to put the police track. Now, go!"

Hardly realizing the import words, but dimly conscious that of danger threatened her, Rosie herself to be hurried off the platform.

"Get Rosie's grip from the car," her trunk, being sent," were the words to Harry.

The girls were scarcely out when Phil strode carelessly, car puffing away at a big cigar, met an acquaintance in the street and had stopped to chat with him. He looked around for the girls, but they were nowhere. He was looking for them in an anxious look on his face. Then he spied Harry White.

"Hello, Harry," he called out, brought you around here at the night? Say, have you seen a Rosie McPherson—I left her friend right here only a few days ago."

"Guess, you've lost a victim," said Harry, then stepping close, he almost hissed in his face, "able cur, you deserve every body broken. Now, take away your dirty paws off my future, or I'll get you put behind for a while."

Purple in the face with rage, Phil hurried off, and the man who had thwarted him, train was about due to pull out. Harry had no time to waste. He hurried to the car, he hurried in the corridor, searching for Rosie's unoccupied seat he saw two summing that one of them was sought, he grabbed it and made for the door.

Phil had followed him up to the car, that's what his grip was he shouted; "drop it!"

Harry glanced at the grip, the initials "P.B." on it. He dropped it in the aisle, and he went past Phil, grabbed up the grip, and made all haste to leave the train. He stepped on to the platform, the train began to move. Phil got off, so Harry concluded that he was to the first stop. The train was to be done was to get Rosie's back, and by the time he had arrangements for this to be done, ten thirty.

He took a car home, and arrived, found the two girls in describing their experiences to his Mrs. Maguire.

"Well," said that lady as Harry "did you give that spalpeen deserved?"

"Not by a long way," said "there wasn't time. But I'll score with him some day."

"Bedad, the likes of him are

Field

umheller

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s at Regina Citadel

Mrs. Hubbard. The Meeting are of a very interesting character of visiting friends took part. The Holiness Meeting was and Mrs. Boyce of Fort W. Captain Loyce, these Officers soldiers of the Citadel Corps very warm welcome into the result of their efforts in having two souls at the Mercy-Seat. In the Salvation Meeting at Mount, we had a great time and battle we had the reward of ters at the Mercy-Seat. Ladies' fight.—W. G. Williams.

ancouver II

Mrs. Rae. The Life Society as turned out in full force for the new Officers. We had a much nicer Band. Meeting was led by Lt. Colonel. assisted by Mrs. Brigadier Lay. Captain Bourne and Adjutant attended a warm welcome to the old Mrs. Layman. representing each department of the Bandmaster welcomed Bandmaster. Mrs. Rae both gave splendid testimonies. Meeting with the new Officers' attendance.

Neepawa

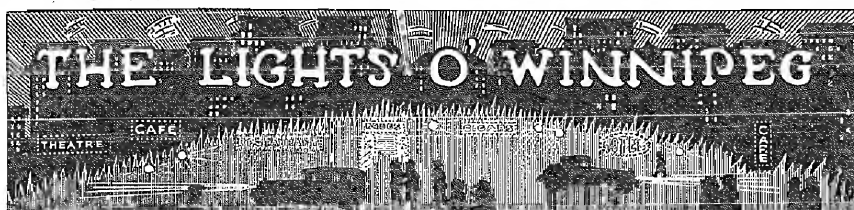
in—The Sunday night attendance have been able to hold Open-Airs in towns, covering a distance of We have had 3 at the Penitent-tem, and one for Consecration. Captain Prigade is giving credit g all Open-Airs, speaking since the opportunity is given the standing firm, happy in the fight for restoring two of our Soldats it they can take their stand on e much to praise God for, and at in God's strength.

Kamsack

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emie, B.C.

rs. Morrison—We are still keep g dying and God is blessing our having some real good times here sen our efforts. On Thursday late Open-Air and on Saturday Open-Air. All day Sunday the ras felt and we rejoiced over our Saviour. Our Band of four is Dec.



Or A Young Country Girl's Adventures in a Large City

By S. A. KIRKSPEN

CHAPTER XII A THWARTED PLAN

"Oh, Mr. White, I'm so glad you've come," said Elsie in a low tone. "I feel so worried about Rosie going away like this. 'You have need to be,' said Harry. 'We must stop her or she is ruined.'"

Then, speaking rapidly and somewhat excitedly, he addressed himself to Rosie.

"Miss McPherson, let me entreat you not to accompany this man to Chicago," he said. "I have the strongest proof that he means you no good. He is an agent of the White Slavers, and has lured dozens of young girls into their clutches. Get away from here as quickly as possible. I will settle with Phil, and if he turns ugly, I'll threaten to put the police on his track. Now, go!"

Hardly realizing the import of Harry's words, but dimly conscious that some sort of danger threatened her, Rosie allowed herself to be hurried off the platform by Elsie.

"Get Rosie's grip from the car and stop her trunk being sent," were Elsie's last words to Harry.

The girls were scarcely out of sight when Phil strolled carelessly out of the car puffing away at a big cigar. He had met an acquaintance in the smoke-room, and had stopped to chat with him a while. He looked around for the girls, but not seeing them an anxious look crept into his face. Then he spied Harry White.

"Hello, Harry," he called out, "what's brought you around here at this time of night? Say, have you seen anything of Rosie McPherson—I left her chatting to her friend right here only a few minutes ago."

"Guess you've lost a victim this time," said Harry, then stepping close to Phil, he almost hissed in his face "You miserable cur, you deserve every bone in your body broken. Now, take warning, and keep your dirty paws off my friends in future, or I'll get you put behind the bars for a while."

Purple in the face with rage and disappointment, Phil hurried blood oaths at the man who had thwarted him. But the train was about due to pull out now, and Harry had no time to waste. Jumping aboard the car he hurried along the corridor, searching for Rosie's grip. On an unoccupied seat he saw two grips, and surmising that one of them was what he sought, he grabbed it and made for the door.

Phil had followed him up closely, "Hi, there! that's my grip you've got," he shouted; "drop it!"

Harry glanced at the grip and saw the initials "P.B." on it. He promptly dropped it in the aisle, and pushing his way past Phil, grabbed up the other one, and made all haste to leave the car. As he stepped on to the platform once more, the train began to move. Phil did not get off, so Harry concluded that he had gone on to the first stop. The next thing to be done was to get Rosie's trunk sent back, and by the time he had made arrangements for this to be done it was ten thirty.

He took a car home, and when he arrived, found the two girls in the parlor describing their experiences to the astonished Mrs. Maguire.

"Well," said that lady as Harry entered, "did you give that spalpeen what he deserved?"

"Not by a long way," said Harry; "there wasn't time. But I'll settle the score with him some day."

"Bedad, the likes of him should be

slowly roasted to death," said the indignant landlady, "if ever I set me eyes on him again he'll get a piece of me mind he won't forget in a hurry."

They talked it over for a while, and then as they dispersed to their rooms, Elsie whispered to Harry: "How did you find out about Phil?"

"I learnt a good deal from the man I went to see," said Harry, "and to make doubly sure, I managed to get into his room where I found this letter, Here, take it and read it. Good night."

In the privacy of their own room Elsie read the letter to her friend. It was from the person in Chicago with whom Phil was in league, and fully exposed the terrible purpose they had in view.

The basement room was indeed small. "Our little prison cell," Rosie called it. At one time it had been used as a store-room for fruit, and some of the shelves were still there. The only light came from a narrow little window that opened on to a side alley. An old iron bedstead, a small table, a couple of chairs, and a very ancient dressing-table with the glass cracked, was the only furniture.

Mrs. Maguire thought she was a very benevolent lady in thus providing for the needs of two poor girls who were hard up against it. It was also a source of considerable satisfaction to her that at last she was able to rent that dingy old room in the basement which no one else would have.



Elsie read the letter to her friend

"Well, Rosie dear, you've had a narrow escape," said Elsie. "I shudder to think what would have become of you once you were in the power of those rascals." "And I thought Phil was such a nice fellow," said Rosie. "Oh, dear, aren't some people wicked?"

And she fell asleep that night thinking of her quiet home in the country and the simple kindly folk she had been surrounded with there.

Next day was Saturday, the day on which Mrs. Maguire had said the girls were to leave. She had been rather touched, however, by Rosie's misfortunes, and might have allowed them to stay on in the hopes that they would soon find something to do, had it not been for the fact that she had already rented their room to two young men. The arrangement which Elsie had made to share Alice Gooding's room had to be cancelled now, of course, for Elsie would not hear of parting from Rosie, and Alice would not consent to the three sharing the room. It would inconvenience her too much, she said.

Under these circumstances Mrs. Maguire came forward with a proposition which the girls eagerly jumped at.

"There's a small room in the basement I'll fix up for youse two girls, if ye'd like to stay," she said, "and I'll only charge ye a dollar apiece."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Maguire," said Elsie, "we'll be glad to have it."

But under her breath, she added: "Till we are able to find a better place."

The girls moved into their new quarters that afternoon.

"Now, let's hold a council of war to consider our next move," said Elsie. "Our plans for becoming movie actresses having been rudely knocked on the head, we must consider doing something else, or it is plain that we will soon die of starvation. Now, how much money can we muster between us?"

They counted out what was in their purses.

"Two dollars and twenty-eight cents," announced Elsie. "That'll keep us in grub for a week, at any rate."

"But, then, there's the rent to pay," said Rosie, "and I expect that dreadful man from the clothing store will be around some time next week. Let's see, we haven't paid him anything for three or four weeks now, have we? He'll be awful mad if we don't square up this week."

"Oh, then, he'll have to get over it as best he can," said Elsie, "we can't do impossibilities. The main thing for us to consider now is getting work of some sort. We must have another good try on Monday. I've a good mind to go to some of the little stores in the outlying parts of the city, and see if they don't need help of any sort."

"A good idea," said Rosie, "you try one end of the city and I'll try the other."

"I hope something will turn up," said Elsie, "for I'm getting quite tired of being turned down."

And so they waited hopefully for Monday morning to arrive.

(To be continued)

Southern Saskatchewan Chariot.

Leaving Regina on July 16, we sped toward our first meeting place, the little town of Wilcox. We had not gone more than ten miles, however, before we realized that travelling by night was out of the question, as the roads were in very bad condition, so we camped in a farmyard for the night. Next morning, being Sunday, we were up bright and early, and all ready for a day's fighting. Before taking our leave, however, we went into the little farmhouse and prayed with the family. God came very near in that little morning gathering, and there were tears in the mother's eyes as she thanked us and bade us good-bye.

Wilcox was reached in the afternoon, and no time was lost in erecting a platform, and in a few moments a real Army Open-Air was in full swing. The children joined heartily in the singing of a chorus taught to them by little Muriel Fleischer (Chariot Mascot), "I've got the joy, joy, down in my heart," and we feel quite sure they will not forget it.

Ten towns were visited, and Meetings held during our first week, each having some little outstanding incident by which we will remember it. One or two towns, however, will stand out in our memories, one of these being Radville. The town was crowded, everyone being in for the Fair. Just around 6 o'clock, as the people were flocking in from the Fair Grounds for supper, we commenced our Open-Air. In a few moments one side of the street was completely blocked with people, some, no doubt, had come out of curiosity, which changed to real interest as the Meeting proceeded. Not a sound could be heard as the different speakers stepped forward to proclaim the tidings that "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all unrighteousness," and we have every reason to believe that many, in the quiet of their own homes, put to the test the promises that had been given out. The duets and solos sung at various periods of the Meeting were very much appreciated by the people, and helped to drive home the truths we were telling forth. As we were shaking hands with the people after the Meeting, many expressed a desire to live a better life, and promised to seek God. One man in particular, was very much moved, and with his voice shaking with emotion, he said, "It is all true, I know I'm a sinner." Mrs. Captain Fleischer then seized the opportunity to make the way plain, and he promised that he would pray before retiring that night.

In the town of Ogema we also had a splendid crowd of attentive listeners, so we took this opportunity of launching a red hot attack upon the Devil, with the result that in many a heart was awakened a desire to live for Christ. Immediately after the Meeting a storm, which had been threatening for over an hour, broke loose in all its fury, and the people had to run for shelter. However, even in this, God's hand was seen, for we were offered a billet by one of the storekeepers, which we gladly accepted. Before retiring for the night, the man handed Captain Fleischer a well worn family Bible, and in a few moments we were listening once more to God's promises, and seeing a new beauty in them all. The reading was followed by the singing of such old songs as "Hiding in Thee," etc., then each in turn sent up a short, earnest petition to God, thanking Him for past blessings, and asking guidance for the future, after which we retired for the night.

We were forced to remain in Ogema until noon the next day, as the roads were in very bad condition, and showed signs of the recent storm; then bidding our friends good-bye, we set off for the next town.

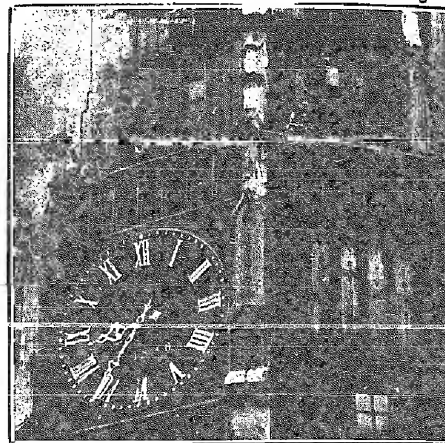
Many signs of God's presence have been given us in most of our Open-Air Meetings, but we earnestly pray that God will give us the desire of our hearts in leading precious souls into the Light at the drumhead.—S. Stevenson, Captain.



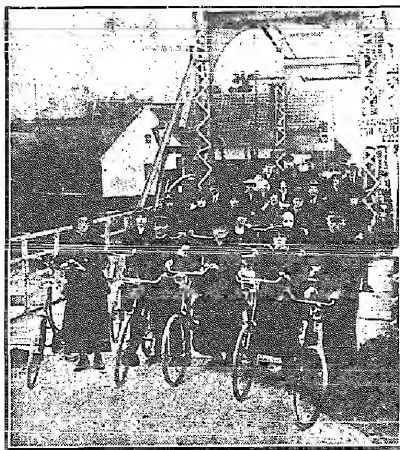
Here and There With the Army Photographer



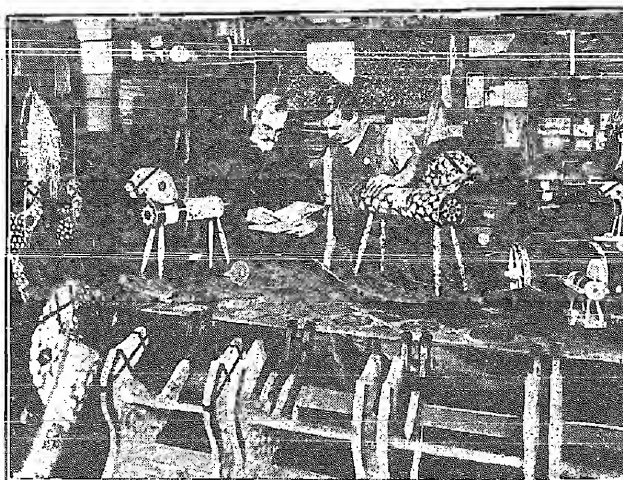
Striking picture of Nigerians listening intently at an Army Meeting.



Haarlem (Holland) Corps Band playing on gallery of Church spire.



Cycle Brigade from the Baarn Corps, Holland, engaged in raiding the villages.



A corner of the carpenters' department at the Prison Gate Home, Melbourne.



Surinam's first Corps. Envoy Alvares (marked with an X) and the Comrades of Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana.

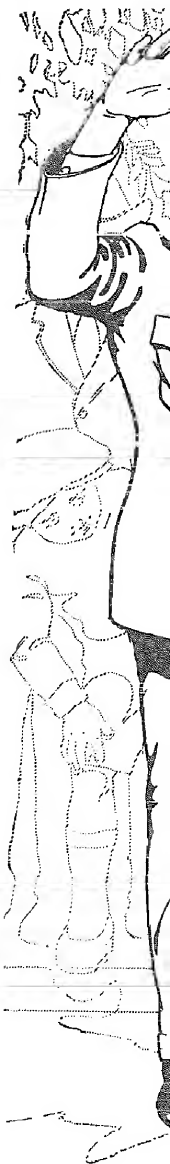


Korean girls in an Army Home at play.

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